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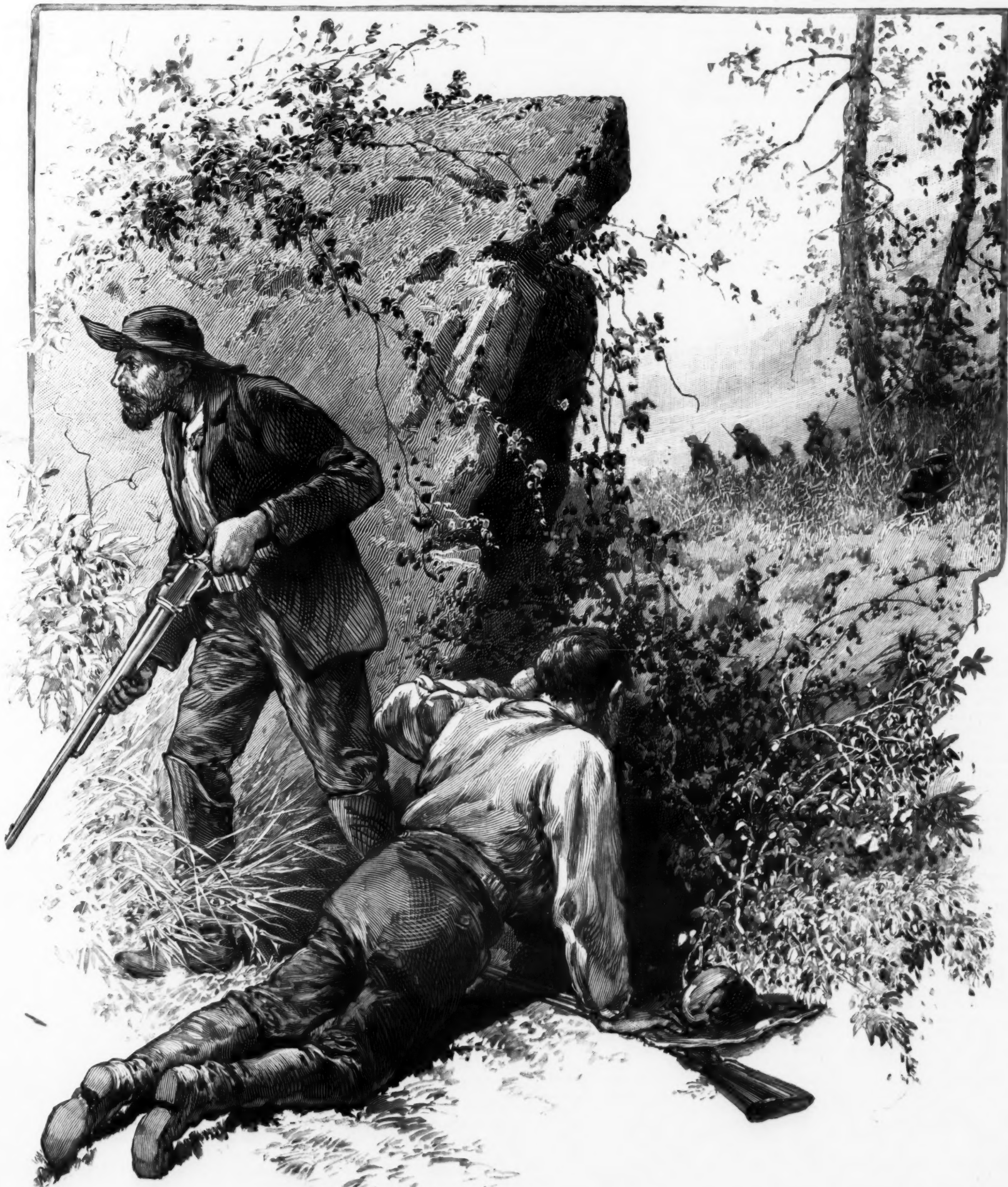
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE REIGN OF OUTLAWRY IN BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA.—A SHERIFF'S POSSE SURROUNDING "RUBE" BURROWS, THE NOTED MURDERER AND TRAIN-ROBBER, AND A COMPANION, NEAR BROOKSVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 243.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
W. J. ARKELL. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

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"UNCLE SAM'S FARM."

THE title of this article was suggested by the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. It is felicitous for the reason that it is suggestive of a wealth of land still awaiting culture, under a wise and beneficent public policy which has already secured homes to millions dependent for living upon the products of the soil. The facts thus brought out by the demand of this journal are also opportune for the reason that the newly discovered possibilities of development, by means of irrigation, throughout the so-called "arid region" suggest an appropriate subject for contemplation during our approaching season of national Thanksgiving.

Since independence was achieved the United States Government has been the largest owner of arable land on the earth. The total area of the "public domain," sold and unsold, amounts to 1,849,072,587 acres, and constitutes seventy-two per cent. of the total area of the United States, including Alaska. About 700,000,000 acres of land have been sold and donated, about 1,150,000,000 acres remain unsold. As the area of Alaska is 369,530,000 acres, the area unsold exclusive of that Territory is about 780,000,000 acres.

This vast landed estate was acquired by the War of Independence, by the purchase from France in 1803 of the enormous area known as the Province of Louisiana, extending from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean; by the purchase of Florida from Spain in 1821, by the treaty of peace with Mexico in 1848 and the supplemental treaty of 1853, which gave us California and brought our southern border-line down from Oregon to where it is now; by purchase of border lands from Texas in 1850, and by the purchase of Alaska from Russia in the year 1867. The cost of the public domain for purchase, quieting Indian occupancy titles, surveys, and sale has been 17 2-5 cents per acre. The prices at which the public lands have been sold has ranged from 12 1/2 cents to \$2.50 per acre for agricultural lands; \$2.50 to \$5 per acre for mineral lands—except coal lands, which are sold at \$10 and \$20 per acre, according to location with respect to land-grant railroads. The Governmental balance-sheet on account of public lands on the 30th of June, 1880, stood thus:

Expenditures:	
For purchases and cessions.....	\$88,157,390
For surveying and sale.....	46,563,302
For Indian occupancy title, etc.....	187,328,904
Total.....	\$322,049,596
Receipts:	
From sale of lands.....	\$300,702,849
Expenditures in excess of receipts.....	\$121,346,747

This excess of expenditures, however, is offset by the 780,000,000 acres of land, exclusive of Alaska, still in the possession of the Government. The value of this remaining part of the public domain is estimated at from \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. If all these lands, or the proceeds from their sale in excess of the present balance against the Government, shall be appropriated to the reclamation of the arid region by means of irrigation, such action will be entirely in harmony with the policy pursued by the National Government from the beginning, viz.: to regard the public lands not as a source of revenue, but simply as a public trust, with the object steadily in view of transferring them to actual settlers at the lowest possible cost, and as rapidly as may be consistent with a healthy national development. No political party has swerved from this wise and beneficent policy, and no Administration of the National Government has been false to this great trust.

In our "Homestead," "Pre-emption," "Tree-culture," and "Desert-land" laws—the most humane and beneficent features of all our public-land legislation—the poor frontiersman has been accorded a vantage and a protection which have guarded him against the encroachments of influence and of wealth. Our public land policy has also been just and generous toward the Indians, paternal and kindly toward the soldier and sailor, while always honest and upright toward the public interests.

For the erection and sustentation of schools, seminaries, and agricultural colleges, the magnificent donation of 78,659,000 acres of land has been made. There has been granted to the States for public improvements, 7,806,000 acres of land. One of the wisest, and in its results beneficent features of our land policy has been the granting of about 51,375,000 acres of the public lands for the construction of wagon-roads, canals, and railroads, and chiefly the latter. Within certain limits the Government has given half the land in alternate sections to railroad companies; but at the same time it has doubled the price of its remaining lands within such limits. No other expedient has so effectually tended to promote settlement, or to secure the development of the resources of the country, and especially of that vast area toward which the attention of the country is now turned with such deep interest—the "arid region." At the same time it is the intelligent and well-considered verdict of the American people that the policy of land-grants went about far enough.

The conduct of our public-land interests is a crowning glory of American statesmanship and an abiding honor to the administration of our national affairs. In a world in which every forceful man is seeking his own, it is a record which illuminates our civilization. There have been heated disputations at times in regard to methods of administration and matters of detail touching the guardianship and disposition of our public lands, but no political party line has ever been drawn on any of these questions, and there appears to be no sensible excuse for such action in the future.

The method of dividing the public lands into townships six miles square, and numbering the square miles or "sections" of each township in the same uniform manner from one to thirty-six, was devised during the period when our National Government was a confederacy. The bill which enacted it is dated May 20th, 1785, and was reported by a committee of which Thomas Jefferson was chairman.

Such, briefly, are some of the more important historical facts in regard to "Uncle Sam's Farm." And now let us turn from the past to the present and the future. Great questions of administration and of public policy confront us, and demand solution at the hands of the generation which now controls the destinies of the nation.

THE HUMID AND THE ARID REGION.

The national domain is divided by nature into two distinct areas, sometimes designated as the "humid region" and the "arid region." The former embraces all lands upon which agriculture may be carried on by means of the natural rain-fall, and the latter the area in which agriculture can be successfully prosecuted only by means of artificial irrigation. These two areas are delineated on the map which may be found on another page. The physical characteristics of the arid region affect the national economy in important particulars, and constitute conditions which demand certain modifications of our public-land policy.

Practically, the Government has disposed of all lands of any value within the humid region. This has given pause to westward immigration. The restraint which the arid region has imposed upon settlement was recently illustrated by the rush of immigration into Oklahoma, a portion of the Indian Territory well within the limits of the humid area. In the remainder of these articles attention will be invited exclusively to that portion of "Uncle Sam's Farm" which lies west of the 100th meridian, i.e., the arid region.

THE ARID REGION.

The arid region of the United States extends from about the 100th meridian of west longitude to the Sierra Nevada range and the Pacific Ocean. Approximately its dimensions are 1,200 miles from north to south and 1,300 miles from east to west. It contains, in round numbers, ONE THOUSAND MILLION ACRES OF LAND. According to Major John W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey, it embraces about four-tenths of the total area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

For many years the arid region was known as the "Great American Desert." This designation, with respect to one characteristic, was apparently correct—its rain-fall is not sufficient for the needs of agriculture. But in other important particulars it is glaringly incorrect and misleading. When supplied with water, its soil is highly productive. Besides, throughout this area, and suited to its conditions, Nature, out of her fecundity, has planted a variety of highly nutritious grasses, which cure in the open air and retain their nutritious properties through the storms and atmospheric changes of two and even three years. No hay gathered into barns is so well preserved. The principal grasses of the arid region are buffalo grass (*Buchloe dactyloides*), gramma grass (*Bouteloua oligostachya*), and "bunch grass" of various species. When these fall, animals have recourse to sage-brush and greasewood (*Sarcobatus vermiculatus*), and the shrubs which grow along the borders of streams. For untold centuries these grasses, herbs, and shrubs afforded abundant pasturage for millions of buffaloes, elk, moose, deer, and other gaminivorous animals.

In another important particular the designation "Great American Desert" is glaringly incorrect. The lands of the arid region become surpassingly productive when irrigated by turning water upon them from the rivers and smaller streams. A given amount of labor and capital expended in agricultural pursuits in the arid region will, by means of irrigation, produce much larger results than in the rain-fall area. This is an economic and commercial fact of the highest importance, which will be more fully treated in a separate article. Large portions of the arid region, however, cannot be irrigated, and for all time will be of value only as pasturage. Other extensive areas, embracing the more mountainous areas, are valuable only as forests.

PASTORAL INTERESTS OF THE ARID REGION.

Until about twenty years ago the arid region remained the hunting-ground of Indians, who during the summer months were permitted to leave their reservations and engage in their favorite avocation—the chase. But a change came of momentous consequence to the whole country. It was discovered that the nutritious grasses of the arid region, which cure so perfectly in the open air, are available for the raising of domestic animals with no care save that of herding. Late in the fall of 1864 a wagon-train hauled by oxen was on its way to a military post in Utah. Its progress was arrested on the Laramie Plains by a severe snow-storm, which compelled the people in charge to go into winter quarters. Their oxen were turned loose to die, but instead of perishing with hunger during the winter months, they grew fat upon the abundant nutritious grasses—nature's hay—which covered the hills and the valleys. The knowledge of this fact soon spread.

At this time there were in Texas millions of young cattle worth only from four to five dollars a head on the range, about the value of their hides and tongues. Hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of these were driven north in vast herds. Young cattle were also brought in from the east and from the west, and within ten years the ranges of the arid region were stocked from Texas to Montana. Thus the buffaloes were expelled from their former grazing-grounds, while hundreds of thousands of them were killed for their hides. But if no American or foreign hunter had ever visited the arid region the expulsion of the buffaloes would have been as certain and about as

rapid as it was. The moose, the elk, and the deer also retreated to mountain fastnesses, and in a marvelously short period of time the Indian's occupation as a hunter was forever gone. Besides, the Texas cow-boy, accustomed to fierce encounters and a born enemy to the Indian, held him close corralled upon his reservation.

The quality of range beef has improved considerably by crossing the "native" and Texas cows with graded or full-blooded bulls of the Hereford, Polled Angus, Galloway, and Short-horn breeds. Besides, it has been found that young Texas cattle attain a greater weight on the northern ranges than if held in Texas. Sheep husbandry has been successfully introduced into all parts of the arid region. The losses among sheep on account of severe and protracted winter storms are much less than among cattle. The wool product of the arid region is of fine quality, and is constantly improving by the care taken of the sheep during the winter months and by judicious breeding. The total wool product of the arid region in 1887 was about 140,000,000 pounds, and constituted fifty per cent. of the total wool product of the United States.

Raising horses "on the range" has also become a large and profitable industry, especially in Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho. The climate of the arid region develops in horses excellent lung power, and the conditions of food and climate produce strong bones and hoofs. Imported stock for breeding purposes has been extensively introduced of the Norman-Percheron, the Clydesdale, Kentucky thoroughbred, and other fine strains of horses. Both the roadsters and work-horses of the arid region command high prices in eastern markets. There are now within the limits of the arid region about 12,000,000 cattle, 18,000,000 sheep, and 1,500,000 horses. The sale of the annual surplus product of cattle, horses, and wool alone has created a large and profitable commerce.

The raising of horses, cattle, and sheep on the range is carried on chiefly upon the public lands of the United States, for the United States Government has always allowed its public lands to be used as a common pasturage. The herdsmen usually preempt and purchase land along streams, which are essential for watering domestic animals, and furnish merely the nucleus of their herding operations.

For a while the opinion was generally entertained that the arid region is available only for pasturage, and that it must be forever treated as such. But this is a mistake. Another great change is taking place. It has been proved that by means of irrigation the lands of that vast area are susceptible of an enormous and splendid agricultural development, and the result is that the cow-boy has been forced to the confession that "when the man with the plow comes, the man with the spurs has got to get out." Neither the savage nor the nomad can resist the forces of civilization. The severe winter losses, the failure of the supply of natural grasses on the ranges through overstocking them, the high price of young cattle in Texas, and low price of beef cattle in Chicago, have led to the conviction that henceforth pastoral pursuits must be carried on chiefly as adjuncts of agriculture. The economies all point in that direction.

This new era summons the nation to the solution of such problems of development as have confronted the countries of Asia, Africa, and southern Europe in all ages—problems the solution of which depends upon the establishment of a wise and beneficent system of irrigation.

IRRIGATION OF ARID AGRICULTURAL LANDS.

From the earliest ages very much the larger part of the human family has been dependent for food upon the product of irrigated lands. But such has not been the case on this continent. The early settlers, and for many years almost all the immigrants to this country, came from Great Britain and Ireland, and from the countries of northern Europe which have an abundant, and to some extent a superabundant, rain-fall. Besides, our ancestors landed here, upon the eastern shores of by far the largest area on the earth's surface within which agriculture is possible without artificial irrigation; an area extending from the Atlantic sea-board to about the 100th meridian. This meridian passes through western Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. Thus the United States grew to be a great nation with irrigation practically a lost art. As the tide of emigration rolled westward the border-land of the great arid region was at last reached. Here nature seemed to call a halt. But the indomitable spirit of adventure and the wild fascination of gold and silver mining led the more adventurous to invade even that vast and inhospitable region. Soon the brave frontiersmen who composed this host of fortune seekers were driven by the sheer force of circumstance to agriculture by irrigation. Thus a wealth of soil was discovered far in excess of the wealth of mine, and within the last year the important fact has dawned upon the country that the reclamation of the agricultural lands of the arid region opens up the last, and perhaps the most important chapter in the history of the subjugation of wild lands to the uses of civilized man upon this continent.

The area of agricultural lands susceptible of reclamation by means of irrigation is variously estimated at from 125,000,000 to 200,000,000 acres. Even 125,000,000 acres is sufficient for the agricultural area of a mighty empire. It is nine times the area of the improved land in farms of Pennsylvania, eight times that of New York, and sixty per cent. more than that of all the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida combined. But every acre of irrigated land is about twice as productive as lands dependent upon the natural rain-fall. This has been demonstrated beyond all doubt by thousands of brave settlers who, under the provisions of our Desert Land Law, have already reclaimed about 7,000,000 acres of land by means of irrigation.

The great practical question which now confronts the country is, How can we, by a large and comprehensive scheme of irrigation, reclaim from 120,000,000 to 200,000,000 acres more of this vast region? Happily we are not left to the uncertain results of tentative enterprise in the attempt to solve this great problem of the age, for it has been solved again and again in other countries, and under natural conditions quite similar to these which characterize the arid region of the United States.

At last the people of this country are fully awake to the fact

that they must grapple with conditions in the arid region similar to those which have been boldly met and successfully overcome by the nations of antiquity and by nations of the present day in Asia, Africa, and southern Europe. But such achievement clearly opens up to us as a nation a grand development and a splendid future.

Joseph Munnich.

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

NEW YORK'S PIVOTAL ELECTION.

THE elections in the four new Western States were curiously involved by questions largely outside of politics which had been intruded upon them. For instance, the question of the Australian ballot was involved in some, the location of the capital was the burning question in another, prohibition and woman suffrage were bitterly fought over in others, so that the new questions overrode all the old issues of party politics, and lent an extraordinary interest to the canvass in at least three States.

The certainty of Republican success was no doubt the reason why other questions besides those of politics were thrust to the fore. Further proof of this is found in the fact that in Montana, the only State that was considered debatable or in doubt, where everything was subordinated to party questions. The fight was for control between Republicans and Democrats. The results of the contest in the four States show that three of them are strongly and safely Republican, while one—Montana—is doubtful, so doubtful that it will be the battle-ground of the far West for a few years to come.

The addition of these new States, with eight Republican Congressmen and six, and perhaps eight, Senators to the Republican column, materially strengthens the party that is now in the ascendancy. It is made at a time when the balance of power in politics is very evenly held. With these votes the Republican party can win in 1892 without the State of Indiana, and perhaps without the State of New York; and yet this is not an assurance of victory.

The real battle of 1892, many think, will be fought out in the State of New York in 1891. If the Governorship is then secured, and the control of the Legislature retained by the Republican party, honest election and registration laws for cities like Albany and Troy, where gross frauds have notoriously swelled the Democratic majority in recent years, can be secured. These laws can be made to apply to every city in the State, and will be helpful to the Republican party in all of them. The assurance of an honest election would almost be an assurance of Republican victory. The success, therefore, of the Republican party in New York in 1891, which would naturally presage Republican success in the nation in 1892, should already be a subject for thought and action, as it must be a matter of profound anxiety on behalf of the members of the party and its leaders generally.

FRAUD IN MONTANA.

IT seems evident that Montana is fairly entitled to a Republican Legislature. The first reports, meagre as they were regarding the contest in the Silver Bow district, gave no indications of the gravity of the charges made against the Democratic manipulators in the State. The first complete and reliable statement of facts has been made by Mr. A. J. Seligman, Chairman of the Republican State Committee. It shows that the same methods by which the South is kept "solid," and by which it has been sought to make some Northern States Democratic, have already been adopted by the Democracy of Montana.

Chairman Seligman charges not only the wholesale purchase by Democrats of votes, but also intimidation and coercion of the most flagrant kind in various parts of the new State. Republican railroad men were removed to counties where they could not vote on election day, and Democrats and ignorant Italians who voted as they were directed by their bosses were put in their place. At Anaconda, where some of the vilest frauds were perpetrated, 300 Republicans in the mines were sent out of the precinct on election day, so that they could not vote. Hundreds of illegally naturalized Italians and other illiterates were sent to the polls at Anaconda, each with a small slip of paper on which was printed: "I can neither read, speak, nor write the English language, and I wish to vote the Democratic ticket." Despite the safeguards of the Australian system, these purchased voters were thus able to deliver their votes to their Democratic masters. Clerks of the courts were sent out with the official seal of the court to hunt up and naturalize ignorant half-breeds; and the chief Democratic worker of Anaconda proved to be a man who was arrested recently for embezzlement of United States funds while acting as an officer of the Treasury.

All this is generalization, however. Let us come down to the Silver Bow case. In one precinct 174 votes were cast, and the returns showed that only three were Republican. Investigation of the Silver Bow canvassing board's returns made it absolutely clear that three instead of five judges, as required by law, were present; that when the voting was finished, notwithstanding the law that the counting should be public, the judges ejected all outsiders, including the two clerks, locked the doors, pasted paper over the windows, and then manipulated the returns as they pleased. The clerks did not witness the canvass of the votes, and signed them as made out by the judges, without any idea as to what their contents were.

Evidence has been secured from men who voted the Republican ticket to show that a larger number of votes were cast than were returned. With this condition of things before it, the canvassing board had nothing else to do but to decide that the returns were not legal. The case is now in the courts, and the Republicans declare that they will be satisfied with any judicial decision based on the law and facts. They would be false to duty should they accept anything less.

Montana desires admission to Statehood. It will be shameful, if at its first election it permits the criminal methods of Democratic bulldozers to prevail. It were better for Montana

that it should keep out of the Union than that it should come in tainted with fraud.

HARVARD'S FREE-TRADE PRESIDENT.

REPUBLICAN and Protection fathers who have been sending their sons to Harvard University, and wondering, when they graduated, why the boys forgot or despised the political principles their fathers had inculcated and joined the ranks of the free-trade mugwumps or the reactionary Democracy, may possibly have their eyes opened by reading the speech of President Eliot of that institution at a recent Democratic gathering in Boston. Dr. Eliot is one of those very susceptible free-traders, those gifted moral and intellectual spirits who are captivated by the intellectuality and morality of that wonderful and unique product of American politics, Grover Cleveland. After following Cleveland, it was an easy step for Dr. Eliot to follow the Democratic party, and at last he makes public profession of his political faith.

Presiding over what Sir Edwin Arnold calls "the intellectual centre of this country," President Eliot, with all the rashness of a new recruit in the ranks of his party, sets forth, in addition to his free-trade views, a new pension policy. He proposes to pension not only soldiers and sailors, but judges, teachers, firemen, policemen, and all public servants who have been faithful to their duties. Of course, a man like Dr. Eliot, whose velvety hands never had a callous or a blister upon them, does not stop to ask tax-payers where all the money is to come from to pay these pensions. Sentiment and theory satisfy him, and experience counts for naught. He deals with the question, as with the protective principle, from the standpoint of his book-learning and the theories they have inculcated. It makes no difference what practice may prove, so long as his theory captivates the intellect.

Dr. Eliot has at last settled his wavering political convictions. If he will stay in the Democratic party long enough to become familiar with its controlling membership and its peculiar methods, especially in the great cities, he will know his party better and love it a great deal less.

THE NEED OF COOKING-SCHOOLS.

IN a recent lecture before the American Public Health Association, Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, dwelt upon the necessity of greater economy of fuel in the uses of domestic consumption. The American people are notoriously extravagant in their domestic habits, nowhere more so than in the kitchen. The evil prevails alike in the homes of the poor and the rich. In a French kitchen the cook will invariably use just so much charcoal to cook a meal, and it will be just sufficient for the purpose—no waste, no loss. Beyond this, in a French household there is an accurate estimate of the wants of the table. No such thing as a garbage-can or pail is known. Everything, to the smallest particle, is utilized. Nothing is wasted. Sufficient of everything is served, but nothing is left over.

It has often been said that a French family could live on what an American family wastes, and it is true. Any American market-man will note that all but the poorest families—even those with very limited incomes, hardly sufficient for their daily maintenance—insist nowadays on having the choicest cuts of meats. As a consequence the price of steaks and chops and roasts has risen, while flanks and shoulders and shanks sell for a song. Experts in cookery tell us that these cheap pieces of meat contain the largest proportion of nutriment, and that they can be very readily cooked so as to be most delicate, nutritious, and appetizing.

The American people need cooking-schools. Infinite good has been done by the lectures of Mme. Parloa, Miss Corson, Catherine Owen, and others, and there is a wide and unexplored field for a continuance of just such efforts. Practical economy could be impressed upon the rising generation by the establishment of cooking classes in connection with the public-school system. If in such a class a young girl were taught how to prepare economically and acceptably the cheaper cuts of meat, how to use common cereals, like Indian meal, corn starch, rye and wheat flour, oat meal, etc., the household would reap material benefit from her instruction, and a decided advantage from the hygienic standpoint. Cooking lessons ordinarily are expensive. The poor cannot afford to attend them, and the rich do not need to. Naturally, therefore, in these schools the making of delicacies and expensive dishes of various kinds is chiefly taught.

While anything that makes food wholesome and healthful is commendable, still it is of vastly more consequence that the masses should have cheap and palatable cooking than that the few wealthy persons should have their abundant delicacies properly prepared.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

IT is a sign of returning good sense that so eminent a Democratic member of the next House as Representative Breckinridge of Arkansas declares that the Democrats will not throw a single obstacle in the way of rational, unsectional legislation by the Republican majority in the incoming Congress. This is in direct opposition to the expression of Mr. Mills and some others, who have threatened obstructive tactics, with the intention of wearing out and rendering useless the efforts of the majority. There should be common-sense about this matter. The Republicans will have control of both branches of Congress and of the Executive. Upon the Republican party, therefore, will devolve, by the will and the votes of the people, the government for the ensuing two years at least.

If the Republican party is employed in formulating and carrying out a policy, and Democratic obstructive tactics render abortive the efforts of the majority, then the party in control cannot be held responsible for a failure to meet the duties imposed upon it by the people. The Democratic party should appreciate this fact. It has already, on every stump and in every platform, declared that the policy of the Republican party, if carried out, would prove disastrous to the material welfare of the people. The best way to demonstrate the truth of this argument is, without doubt, to permit the Republican party, now that it has control, to formulate its policy and to carry it out to its ultimate results.

Let the Republican party be put on trial. Give it an oppor-

tunity to reform the tariff laws, to abolish internal-revenue taxes, to secure an honest ballot at Congressional elections, to reform naturalization laws, and to correct many existing abuses in the Federal Government. Let the party carry out its purpose in the line of its principles, and then, two years or four years hence, let the people decide at the ballot-box whether or not they are satisfied.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

CERTAIN Southern newspapers resented as "a high-handed intrusion" the appearance of Northern Republican speakers in the recent Virginia canvass. Yet it never happens that General Fitz-Hugh Lee and other Southern leaders are treated as intruders when they come North to plead the cause of Democracy and the Solid South. They are heard with courteous interest, and their right to speak their minds is never for a moment disputed.

MINISTER DOUGLASS has now an opportunity to do a much-needed piece of work in Hayti. It is very difficult to get at any true report of the social conditions in the black Republic. Spencer St. John evidently meant to tell the truth, and M. Delage as clearly had a story to tell; but Mr. Douglass has exceptional advantages for making a statement of things as they are; and he owes it to his countrymen, as well as to the race with which he is identified, to let us know what Hayti is, and what she is likely to become.

In a very entertaining address by that industrious and prolific scribe, Joseph Howard, Jr., recently delivered, he declared that "the press should be and was the chief educator of the people." Remarkable proof of the truth of this fact was once given by General Grant, notably one of the best informed men in the United States. When asked how he had time for study he replied that he had no time for it; that he confined his reading almost entirely to the columns of the best daily newspapers, and thus imbibed more practical knowledge and information than he had ever secured from books.

THE quicker the State of Mississippi sends for John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, and sets him to work to serve out his term of imprisonment for prize-fighting in that State, the better it will be for the rising generation. After Sullivan fought with Kilrain he appeared to be very penitential when the courts threatened prosecution, and promised never to fight another battle. Ever since he left Mississippi he has been going around the country like a drunken bully, offering to fight any man in the world, and daring any one to tread on his coat-tails. Sullivan is getting to be the great North American nuisance, and should be suppressed without delay.

THE interesting report of that very faithful and efficient public servant, Inspector-general Dumont, of the Steamboat Inspection Service, presents some striking figures. During the fiscal year ended last June, over 6,700 steamers were inspected by his subordinates. The total number of accidents resulting in loss of life during the year was but 32, and the total death-list reached 301 out of an estimated total of 550,000,000 passengers carried on steam vessels during the year. General Dumont modestly credits the increased efficiency of the Steamboat Inspection Service to the faithfulness of his associates. It is perhaps for others to say that it is also due in great part to the vigilance and efficiency of General Dumont himself.

THE recent visit of Emperor William to the Sultan at Constantinople is the most important act of his reign. He is the first European sovereign of the first rank to visit the Sultan in his own capital as his ally, and if the new departure shall mean that Turkey is to receive what she has never had before, namely, the open and armed support of central Europe, important consequences will quite certainly follow. The popular reception of the Emperor in Constantinople was marked by good enthusiasm, and this fact will tend to deepen the exasperation with which the presence of the Christian Emperor in the Moslem capital will be regarded throughout all Russia. The Czar himself can hardly accept this advertisement of an alliance so full of menace to his future with anything else than a feeling of humiliation.

A NUMBER of Episcopal clergymen in Boston, who seek to reach the floating population of that city, propose to hold religious services, with attractive singing and music, on Sunday afternoons and evenings in prominent theatres. Preaching in theatres has been tried at Chicago and in other cities, and has uniformly attracted large audiences, and in some cases permanent congregations. It seems wasteful that play-houses should be unoccupied on the Sabbath day, but it is equally wasteful that churches should only be occupied on one day in seven. Will not some philanthropist rise up to build a church which can be used during the week for school or mission purposes and on Sunday for religious services? One might go a step farther and put a suitable place for divine worship in the upper part of a business building, so that the rentals would maintain the church for all time, and thus make it free to all, without regard to rank, station, or means.

THE erection on the battle-field of Gettysburg by the Second Maryland rebel regiment of a monument to commemorate the deeds of Confederate soldiers has resulted in the adoption of a resolution by Abe Patterson Post, No. 88, of the Grand Army of the Republic at Pittsburg, requesting that this monument to disloyalty shall be removed from the field it disgraces. Naturally enough, some mugwump newspapers have found fault with this resolution. It has been well said by a foremost American, and no loyal man dare deny it, that "the cause of the Union was eternally right, and the cause of rebellion eternally wrong." Any one in the loyal North who had proposed twenty years ago to put a rebel monument alongside of a Grand Army monument on the field of Gettysburg would have stood in danger of tar and feathers. We are fast approaching the time when the pensioning of Confederate soldiers will be defended as just and proper, and a timely evidence of non-sectionalism.



THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—DEMOCRATS IN ACCOMACK COUNTY ENTERTAINING BLACK VOTERS AT AN OYSTER-BAKE.
DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.

OUTLAWS IN ALABAMA.

FOR several years past an outlaw named Rube Burrows has defied the authorities of Alabama and successfully resisted all attempts at capture. Now only twenty-six years of age, his criminal career was commenced before he had reached his majority. When only nineteen he committed a deliberate murder, and a year later organized a band of thieves, subsequently engaging in the illicit manufacture of whisky and in counterfeiting money. Then he robbed an express-car of \$20,000, and, escaping arrest, a year or two later repeated the outrage, securing \$35,000 by his audacity. This last performance aroused the authorities, and for months past the country in which Burrows has his following has

swarmed with detectives and sheriff's posses. In two or three instances he and Nick Thornton, one of his principal associates, have been driven to cover, but in every case, being well armed, they have fought their way through the lines of their pursuers, killing a number of them and injuring others. In one case as many as one hundred men, with bloodhounds, were engaged in searching for the outlaws, but the dogs were shot dead, though the posse could not discover the retreat of the slayers. Governor Seay has recently called out a stronger posse, and it is hardly probable that Burrows and his gang can much longer elude their pursuers. Our illustration shows the sheriff of Blount County, and his officers, attempting to surround the outlaws near Brooksville.

CAMPAIGN METHODS IN VIRGINIA.

IN the recent canvass in Virginia, the Democrats in Accomack and Northampton Counties made extraordinary efforts to capture the negro vote, and as a means to that end they entertained the blacks at monster oyster-bakes, etc. "Why, sir," said a committee man from that section to a New York *Sun* correspondent, "they are giving them niggers oysters by the thousand that Delmonico would give a dollar apiece for." It is stated that many votes were seduced from General Mahone by this novel method of campaigning. Our artist has depicted in his illustration one of those feasts in which the blacks were royally served by white men.



MONTANA.—CATTLEMEN COMPELLING THEIR HERD TO CROSS A RIVER.—DRAWN BY J. SMITH.

REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES.

XIII. MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT.

THE portrait which appears this week in our series of "Representative New York Society Women" is that of the wife of one of America's richest men, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Vanderbilt before her marriage was Miss Alva Murray-Smith. She was one of three daughters, all of whom have become more or less famous in society. Of the three sisters, one was younger and one older than Mrs. Vanderbilt. The elder is now Mrs. George William Tiffany, the younger Madame Gaston de Fontenailat. Neither has achieved anything even approaching the marriage of their sister, whose good fortune has gone on doubling itself since she became Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Given a handsome person, a husband who ranks among the dozen richest men of the world, two beautiful children, every luxury that great wealth can buy, houses that are almost palaces, private cars and splendid yachts to carry her from one to the other, it would seem that Mrs. Vanderbilt lacks nothing to make her lot one of unalloyed content. She and her husband have a fine country place at Oakdale, Long Island. It includes hundreds of acres, has conservatories, henneries, aviaries, lawns, gardens, little lakes, carefully cultivated bits of "wild forests," and every flower that blooms. At Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have even a more magnificent place, and their entertainments, their dinners, *fêtes*, and balls, savor of "Arabian Nights" splendor. Their New York home, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, is one of the most ornate and costly houses in the city. It is an enormous tessellated pile of white and gray stone, with gables, towers, and all manner of exterior ornamentation. Within it is gorgeous. There are mantels of porphyry, of sandal and olive wood; even tiles from floor to ceiling of malachite.

Until the famous Vanderbilt fancy-dress ball, which has passed into history, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt had occupied no markedly prominent position in society. That ball, however, marked an epoch. Since then Mrs. Vanderbilt has gone on continuously and steadily "climbing up the golden stair" of social distinction, and to-day she is recognized as one of the leaders of society. In appearance, Mrs. Vanderbilt is a strikingly attractive woman. She has a handsome figure, always faultlessly and expensively gowned; she has a superb carriage, and an expression of face and bearing that her warm friends consider an imposing hauteur, and her less friendly friends characterize as arrogance. She has rich brown hair, handsome dark eyes, and a fine complexion. Her taste in dress is admirable, and her jewels are superb. It is she who has had a necklace of single-stone diamonds strung on a gold wire like crystal beads. When one considers the almost insurmountable difficulty of boring through not one but sixty large diamonds, and the consequent waste and expense, the feat of Cleopatra swallowing one picayunish pearl fades into utter insignificance. The necklace of priceless pearls that Mrs. Vanderbilt wears in her picture is made of superb solitaires, pierced in the same manner, and worth almost an incredible sum, even in this day of big figures.

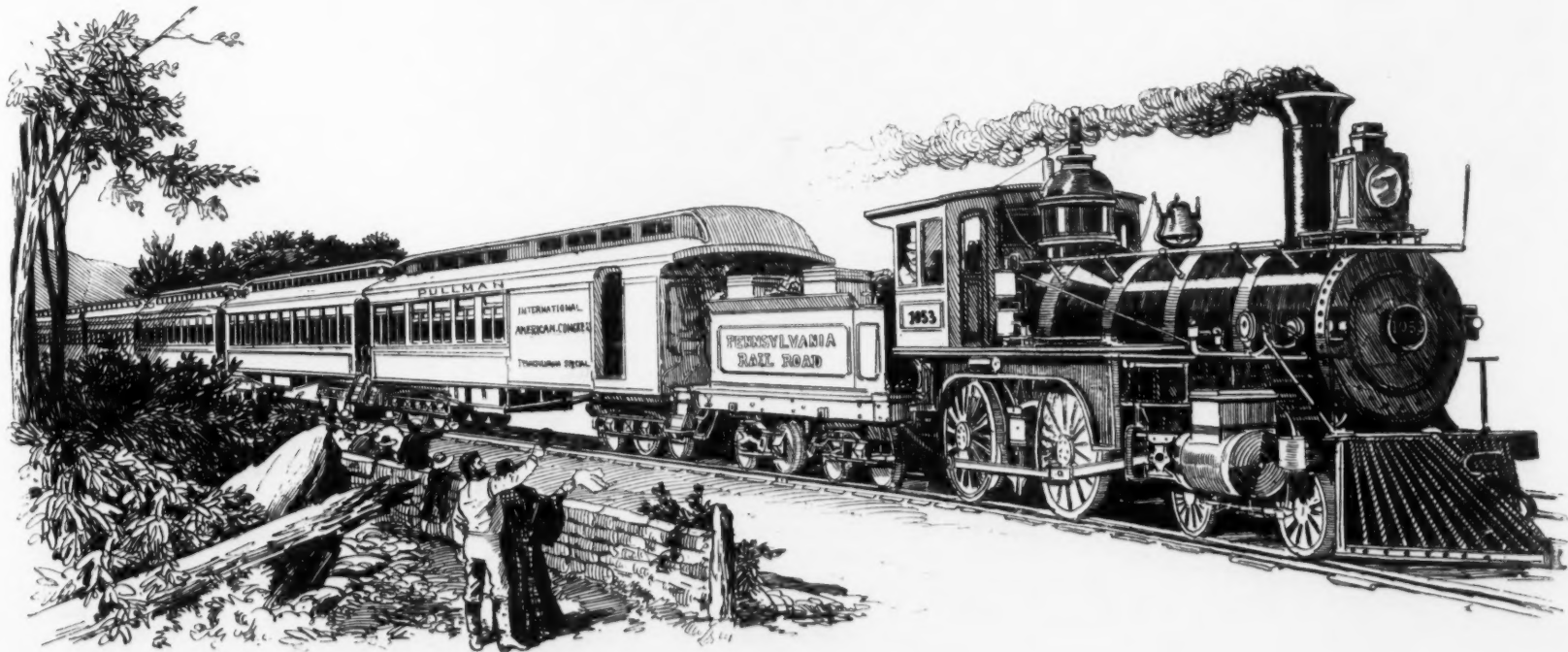
Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have two children, Willie and Consuelo. The latter is the namesake of the Viscountess Mandeville. Both are remarkably pretty, attractive little creatures, who speak German and French as fluently as their mother tongue.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt are consistent church-goers. They have pews both at St. Bartholomew's and at Calvary Church, and they and their children never fail to be present at either one or the other. Mrs. Vanderbilt sets aside a large sum every year to dispense in charity. She is very systematic and very conscientious about its disposition. Only after rigid inquiry and investigation does she give at all, but when that is satisfactory she gives freely and liberally, and endeavors to arrange some permanent provision for her beneficiaries.

[The next portrait in this series will be that of Mrs. C. M. Depew.]



REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES OF NEW YORK.—XIII. MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.
PHOTO BY MENDELSSOHN.



THE FAMOUS PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS EXCURSION TRAIN IN WHICH THE DELEGATES ARE MAKING THE TOUR OF THE COUNTRY.
FROM A PHOTO BY M. B. BRADY.

UNSHRIVEN.

THERE lies a heartache in the thought
That some light word I may have said,
Some quick deed done when passion-wrought,
Has heaped up curses for my head:
That no atonement have I sought—
Haply my unknown foe lies dead—
That any grief avails me naught,
And peace has mocked me as it fled.

S. D. S., JR.

THE LOST EYES; OR, A STRANGE
DISAPPEARANCE.

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.

THE sudden and mysterious disappearance of Dr. Harold Trafton, one of the most charming of men and popular of physicians, afforded the town more than the usual nine days' wonder. The man was so prominent in the social life of New York; he had so many friends in every circle of that heterogeneous whole we call society, that the newspapers when, as of course was the case, they took up the affair would not willingly let it die the speedy death which usually overtakes such sensations. From editorials they descended to daily "Pick-headed" columns of news; from those to shorter articles, and so by easy gradations to occasional paragraphs. Eventually, however, the subject had to be dropped even by the most inveterate of news-mongers, for there was absolutely nothing new to be told, and the reader naturally grew tired of hearing that nothing had been heard of the "eminent physician, Dr. Harold Trafton;" and then even the occasional paragraph disappeared and the case was forgotten.

A year or two later, the New York *Daily Chronicle*, in the absence doubtless of fresher or more interesting news, printed a brief notice of the sale of "the late" Dr. Trafton's scientific apparatus and medical library by order of the public administrator, and then went on as follows:

"The sudden disappearance and presumed death of this well-known physician will doubtless be remembered. On the 14th of May, 1880, Dr. Trafton called at the Metropolitan Hospital to see a patient in whom he took some interest, as the man had been stricken down on Broadway with an apoplectic fit, and sent to the hospital by the doctor himself, who chanced to be passing at the time of the unfortunate man's seizure. On arriving at the hospital Dr. Trafton found the patient dying, and was present when he breathed his last, a few minutes afterward. Though the man was, of course, an utter stranger to the doctor, it was noticed by the hospital physicians that the latter was strangely affected at the death-bed, and he almost immediately left the ward and was driven home to his residence in West Twenty-seventh Street. He was admitted by his colored butler, who afterward informed the coachman that his master would not need the carriage until the following morning. From that day to this no one, as far as can be learned, has set eyes on Dr. Trafton. The butler, James Thompson, left the house, according to the testimony of the servants, late that evening, after having been closeted for upwards of an hour with his master, in the study, and never returned. The housekeeper, as she went to bed, after locking the house up, saw a light in the consulting room and, knocking at the door, was answered by Dr. Trafton, who in answer to her query replied that he wanted nothing and would shortly retire himself. When the servants came down-stairs in the morning they found the door of their master's bed-room open, while the bed showed clearly that it had not been occupied. The bolts of the front door were drawn back, and it was quite evident that some one had left the house during the night, and this some one, it was subsequently proved, could be no one but the doctor. Within a few days the case was given to the police, but beyond the pregnant fact that Dr. Trafton, at ten o'clock on the morning of February 15th, had entered his bank and withdrawn a sum of \$15,000 which stood to his credit, asking for it in \$500 bills, they did not find anything which threw light on the disappearance. His affairs, on investigation, were found to be in perfect order. He had no entanglement, as far as could be learned, of any description which might have prompted him to flight, and altogether the affair was absolutely inexplicable. So it has remained, and no one can say with any degree of certainty whether one of the cleverest of scientists and most delightful of companions, a man with hosts of friends and an abundance of all that renders existence pleasant, is dead or alive. Will the secret ever be revealed?"

This reminiscent article was written by Walter Proudfoot, the city editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, who had been the school-fellow, the college chum, and, subsequently, the closest companion of the missing man.

Their intimacy was interrupted only for the few years between 1861 and 1865, when as mere boys they had both taken their places in the ranks as combatants in the Civil War, only on different sides. Trafton, the son of a Louisiana planter, had naturally sympathized with the South, while his friend, the son of a well-known Boston preacher, had just as naturally entered a Massachusetts regiment, though he subsequently developed his journalistic instincts and became one of the cleverest of war correspondents while yet in his teens. The war over, Trafton had rescued not a little salvage from the wreck of his fortunes and had quietly settled in New York to continue those medical studies which his military service had interrupted, finding Proudfoot, who had only his brains to look to for a living, employed as a reporter on the staff of a New York paper. The former friendship was soon renewed and grew as the two men advanced in years and position, Proudfoot gaining slowly but surely in journalistic repute, and Trafton seeming to leap almost at a bound to the head of his profession. His luck was proverbial; the more desperate the case the more likely was Dr. Trafton to pull the patient through; when at his

club he was induced to take a hand at a rubber of whist or a quiet game of poker, the stakes, whether small or great, seemed to find their way to his side of the table. That he had never married was surely from no lack of opportunity, for so keen an observer as Trafton, with his piercing black eyes, could not fail to see how many a young, rich widow or maiden heiress would have needed but a word on his part to throw themselves into his arms. With men his influence was hardly less potent, and to his powers of attraction the doctor owed many a timely hint which he had turned to profit in a modest way in Wall Street.

This was the man who when the world seemed at his feet had either spurned it of his own accord or, as seemed the more likely, had been secretly stricken down by an assassin and carried out by the wintry tide into the bay with empty pockets and disfigured features. And so, as years went by, he was forgotten even by his intimates, and Walter Proudfoot alone, perhaps, thought more than occasionally of the lost physician.

On the 14th of February, 1887, Walter Proudfoot, but lately promoted to the position of editor-in-chief of the *Daily Chronicle*, entered his private office about eleven o'clock in the morning. The day was chilly and the editor was almost hidden in the folds of an enormous frieze over-coat, which when removed showed him to be a man above the medium height and thin almost to lankiness. When he had hung up his coat and slipped off his over-shoes, W. Proudfoot sat down to his desk, which was covered with a litter of papers, and struck a little hand-bell sharply once or twice. It was answered by a smooth-faced boy, who came and stood by him without a word. "Bring me my mail, Dick," said the editor, "and see if any one is waiting for me."

"Dere's a nigger feller been here since ten," piped the boy.

"What does he want?"

"Please, sir, he won't say nawthin' to nobody but you, sir. Says he dassent."

"I'm, that strange. Well, get me my letters, and then bring him in, Dick," and the boy disappeared to return a few moments later with a bundle of letters, and followed by a colored boy of some fifteen years old, whose face looked as expressionless as an india-rubber mask. He was dressed in a worn suit of black clothes that had evidently been made for a full-grown man and cut down to suit him, so that perpendicularly the fit was fairly good, but horizontally it was distressingly bad. Such as they were, however, they were scrupulously clean, and the patched old shoes on his enormous feet were polished to a mirror-like state of brightness. The only sign of emotion showed itself in his fingers, which nervously played with a soft felt hat he held clutched in his hands.

"Well, my lad, do you want to see me?" growled Walter Proudfoot, in the deepest diapason of his peculiarly deep voice.

"Y-a-s, sir; leastwise ef yo's Mistah Proudfoot."

"That's my name. What do you want?"

"Daddy, he said as how he'd like ter seen yo' to wunst," said the lad, in his strange admixture of negro and New York gamin accents.

"But, my good lad, I don't know your daddy, and I'm sure I can't come and see him. Tell him to get some one to write on a piece of paper what it is he wants, and I will attend to it."

"Please, sir, daddy said as how he wanted yo' ter come right erlong."

"I've no doubt but he did, but I can't. Now run right out of here, and do as I tell you. Dick!" (to the office-boy, who was almost bursting with suppressed mirth) "see this lad out and show him the elevator," and the editor turned to the task of opening his letters; the lad stood there still fingering his cap.

"Please, sir," he began again, disregarding the impatient tug the office-boy gave his sleeve, "daddy said somefin' else."

"Well, what did he say?" with petulance.

"He said ef yo' wouldn't come erlong wen I asked yo', I were to gin yo' dis," and he held out a soiled and crumpled piece of paper.

The editor glanced at it idly, and then almost paralyzed the office-boy by roaring at him: "Confound you, Dick, didn't I tell you to get out of this?" and the boy vanished in affright.

"Where did you get this?" asked the editor, in eager tones, turning to the little negro.

"Daddy, he gin it to me. I think dat de Voodoo man writ it. He's dyin', dad says, an' he's talkin' queer. Dad said I wuz ter bring yer wid me right erlong," reiterated the boy.

The editor rose without another word, put on his coat and hat, slipped on his over-shoes, and simply saying, "Take me to your father, then," left the office.

The crumpled paper which wrought so curious a change in Proudfoot's demeanor seemed unimportant enough. It bore in a shaky hand the words:

"WALTER—Come quickly. HAROLD."

But the editor knew the handwriting; it was that of Dr. Harold Trafton.

The house to which this dusky guide conducted Proudfoot had once been the city house of some rich old New Yorker, in the days when Union Square was a market-garden. It stood on the west side of town in a dingy-looking street, which seemed more like a bit of New Orleans than of New York as far as its inhabitants were concerned, for they were of every conceivable shade of blackness. Here and there a white face might be seen peeping out of a window, but the presumption in this case was, that the owner was either the husband or wife of a "person of color." These were, in fact, the notable exceptions which proved the rule, which by some unwritten law provided that only colored people were allowed to occupy apartments in this particular street. When Walter entered the old brick mansion, which seemed in some mute way to be conscious and ashamed of its own degradation, the old, battered front door with its semicircular fanlight overhead stood wide open, and

served as a background to a group of pickaninnies, whose scanty garments approximated in hue to their shiny skins as they stared with saucer-like eyes at Proudfoot, who passed through the hall and followed the youngster up a rickety staircase that had once echoed to the light tread of young girls who were now grandmothers. Up and up they went, the thick atmosphere growing thicker and more noisome the higher they climbed, until the last story was reached. Here Proudfoot's guide stopped, and rapped three times with a perceptible pause between each knock, at the door at the farther end of the landing. He then waited fully a minute, and knocked twice in the same deliberate manner. In response to what was plainly a concerted signal, the door opened slightly, and a wrinkled old negro, whose wool had assumed that yellowish tinge which with men of his race so often takes the place of the white hairs of age, poked his head out.

"Is dat you, sonny?" he asked, in a guttural whisper.

"Iss, dad. An' the gen'leman's comed erlong of me."

"Bress de Lawd fur dat, chile!" said the old man, and opening the door wide he beckoned to Proudfoot, with an air of old-time courtesy, to enter.

The journalist found himself in just such a sort of room as he expected to find. Dirty walls, from which the plaster in places had fallen, exposing the studding and laths of the partition; a carpetless floor, a trifle dirtier than the walls; a rusty cooking-stove, with a dull fire burning and trying in a feeble way to boil a blackened pot placed upon it; a rickety pine table, a couple of chairs, and a heap of straw and rags in a corner which had once been a mattress and bedding.

"Yo' doan't 'membah me, Marse Walter, do yo'?" apologetically asked the old darkey.

"No; I can't say that I—stay, you must be Harold Trafton's old servant, Thompson. But how old you're looking, James."

"Well, I spex I ain't lookin' no younger, an' dat's a fac', Marse Walter. But, I'ae mighty glad ter see yo', sah, mighty glad. He's been arskin' fur yo' de hull time, sah."

"Who's he?" asked Proudfoot, though he almost knew what the name would be.

"W'y, Marse Harold, o'cose, sah."

Proudfoot looked round the room, and the old man answered the silent query.

"No, sah! No, sah! Marse Harold's changed, but he couldn't put up wif sech room as this," and he hobbled up to a door opposite that by which Proudfoot had entered, and gently knocked. Apparently a satisfactory reply was given, and signing to the editor to follow him, the two passed into the room beyond. Proudfoot by this time was in a condition to be surprised at nothing, but he could not repress a start as he looked around. The room was about twenty feet square, had a dull, dead appearance, which at first he could not quite understand. Soon he arrived at its meaning: there was a total absence of anything like a reflecting surface. The walls were hung with dull, red cloth, which fell in heavy, dusty folds, and the furniture, which was plain but substantial, was completely upholstered with the same material. A hanging lamp was formed of a bowl of unglazed terra-cotta, which absorbed rather than reflected the feeble light which its one wick gave, and which was hardly sufficient to allow the visitor to see the face of the man lying in a low bed in one corner. And yet, even in the dim light there was no mistaking the clear-cut features, though the curly black hair, which when Proudfoot last saw it was barely tinged with gray, was now as white as the driven snow, while in startling contrast to the pallid cheeks and white hair and mustache, a black bandage was drawn across the eyes. It was the lost man, Harold Trafton, who lay there in that gloomy chamber.

"Is that you, Walter?" he asked, in a querulous, cracked voice.

"Yes, old man; but why are you here?"

"Sit down by my side, Walter, and listen to me. In a few hours I shall be dead. No; don't say anything. I am a doctor, and I know. It is only the knowledge of my speedy and certain death which led me to send for you. Some-years ago you wrote an article about my disappearance for your paper, and ended by wondering whether the mystery would ever be cleared up. I read the article, and determined that you alone of all my former friends should, when the proper time came, know the truth about Harold Trafton. Hand me that wine-glass, and then listen to what I have to say." The dying man drained off the colorless liquid which was in the glass Proudfoot handed to him, and then with an apparent accession of energy continued.

"Do you remember a master at our school, named Green—a little, pretty-faced fellow, with expressionless, watery eyes? And do you remember the furious rage into which I flew one day when he struck me? Well, that man has killed me. Now, don't think I am raving, but hear me out. You may remember that Green left the school suddenly, but no one but myself and he ever knew the reason. I was sitting in class one day, and Green, with his back to me, was reading at his desk. Brooding over the insult which with my Southern ideas of honor I conceived I had suffered at his hands, I fixed my eyes upon him with hatred and murder in my heart. As I looked he suddenly turned around with a look of bodily agony on his face, and drops of sweat standing on his forehead. His eyes met mine for a second, and like a flash the knowledge of my power came upon me. I had a trusty weapon in my possession which never failed me till—but let me tell my story connectedly. As the days went on I used my weapon, as far as Green was concerned, pitilessly. I had only to look at him and he suffered torture. Why or how, I never cared to fathom; it was enough for me that he daily grew more and more worn. He could not attend to his work; he grew nervous and restless, and less able to resist the mesmeric influence. Finally he broke down altogether, and left the school. I was satisfied in a meas-

ure, but still yearned for further revenge. My power I found was capable of being exerted over others, and doubtless was in a measure responsible for my success in life. During the war, as you may have heard, I seemed to bear a charmed life. Once I was taken prisoner, and successfully exerted the mysterious power residing in me to induce my jailer to open the prison door for me and to help me, when once out of the prison, to make my way in safety to our own lines. In 1866, you know, I came to New York and settled down to the earnest pursuit of my profession. I had not, however, forgotten my old enemy Green, and a day seldom passed without my thinking of him. When fortune smiled on me, and my practice grew, I devoted not a small portion of my income to prosecuting the search I had set on foot for one Jordan Green, formerly a master in the Brightville High School. For years I was unsuccessful, till at last a chance befriended me.

"One day I happened to be in Wall Street on some business, when I strayed into the office of the Justiciable Life Insurance Company to consult a directory. Something in the look of one of the clerks struck me, and, looking rather more intently, I found my quest at an end. There, bending over a ledger, looking older and much more careworn, was my enemy. I could hardly contain myself for joy at first, but after waiting a few minutes, I mastered myself and gazed intently at him as he made his careful entries in the big book. I was not disappointed. Impelled by some strange power, he slowly turned on

"In the white-washed ward, with its staring windows, I found a bed surrounded by a screen, and on it Green was lying, breathing heavily.

"He can't last much longer," said the resident physician, as I stood looking down at my prostrate enemy. Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes, and I could see he recognized me, benumbed as his intellect must have been. I looked at him keenly, and in that instant a sort of flash passed before my eyes, and a look of something approaching triumph in the face of the stricken and dying wretch gave me an eerie feeling. The next moment he fell back dead, leaving me gasping for breath. I made an excuse to my friend, the hospital physician, and hurried home, urged by an indescribable feeling of apprehension. Arrived there, I mechanically looked at my reflection in a large mirror which stood in my hall, and then I knew the worst. Arthur! I feel all the horror of that moment now. There, staring at me out of the glass, a part of the reflection of my own face, were the dull, fishy eyes of the corpse I had just left on the hospital pallet, with a mocking leer curling up the corners of its then bloodless lips. The dead man had stolen my eyes and put his own in their place. I had spent years taking his life, he had been but a second stealing my eyes—the windows of my soul.

"The rest is soon told. I confided in no one but James, my old servant. He arranged for my disappearance; and here, in this lonely room, which is dear to me because I can by no pos-

PERSONAL.

JAY GOULD'S first portrait is to be painted by Benjamin Constant, the Paris artist.

M. CONSTANS, who defeated Boulanger, is said to be the coming man in French politics.

MR. JOHN FIELD, a prominent merchant, has been appointed postmaster of Philadelphia.

SECRETARY-OF-WAR PROCTOR has been given the name in Washington of "The Silent Man."

MR. P. M. ARTHUR has been re-elected for the fourth time Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

RUTGERS COLLEGE has conferred the degree of LL. D. on William Walter Phelps, United States Minister to Germany.

REV. THOMAS C. VERMILYE, D.D., celebrated, on the 28th ult., the semi-centennial of his pastorate of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of New York.

THE new steward at the White House is a Scotch-Irishman named Philip McKim, who for many years has been attached to the household of Hon. John Jay, of New York.

BARNUM'S "Greatest Show on Earth" has taken London by storm. Barnum himself has been entertained at a banquet, which was graced by the presence of a number of celebrities.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic critic, who has just returned from England, where he has seen a great deal of Miss Anderson, says that she is in "splendid health and radiant good spirits."

ON their visit to Louisville, Ky., the Pan-American delegates were welcomed in Spanish by Harvey Watterson, seventy-six years old, who, fifty years ago, was our Minister to the Argentine Confederation.

IN the Cronin trial at Chicago, Martin Burke has been identified as the person who rented the cottage where Dr. Cronin was murdered. Testimony has also been given directly implicating Burke in the killing.

THE Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina recently refused to adopt a report disapproving of the action of a former synod, which condemned Rev. Dr. Woodrow for expressing partial belief in the doctrine of evolution.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN stated in a recent speech at Birmingham, that he was inclined to retire from public life. Probably the great majority of Englishmen would be quite content to have him go into retirement at once.

THE late Mrs. Charles Crocker, of San Francisco, was very charitable. The one charity to which she especially devoted her time and energies was the Old People's Home. She gave the site for it and paid for the building.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER, of the New York World, is about starting from Paris upon a tour around the world, accompanied by invited guests. Mr. Pulitzer goes by way of the Suez Canal, India, and Japan. Advices from him are to the effect that his health is better than at any previous time in the last two years.

MR. GLADSTONE has an iron library, which is erected close to the parish church. There are five rooms in it, the principal one being 41 feet long, 21 feet wide. Twenty tons' weight of books will be fitted into the cases which are being made, but as it is intended for quiet study, only a few persons will be allowed to use the library at one time.

IN January next Louis Koesuth will become a man without a country. He will on the 9th of that month complete the period of absence from Hungary which will terminate and forfeit his citizenship of that country. His two sons have become Italian citizens, and the venerable patriot has been strongly urged to do likewise, but he probably will not do so.

IT is stated that General Boulanger has decided to wait until discontent is seething in France, when he will land as the savior of his country—a noble sentiment, which may not work out exactly as he anticipates. Boulanger is again receiving daily many subscriptions, the majority being from the working classes, who, however, rarely send more than a five-franc piece at a time.

AMONG recent deaths is that of James Edward Calhoun, of Abbeville, S. C., cousin and brother-in-law of John C. Calhoun, aged 93. Mr. Calhoun entered the United States Navy in 1816, and resigned in 1833, being the wealthiest officer in the service. At his death he was the largest land owner in South Carolina, with a homestead of 25,000 acres of rich savanna lands, and 165,000 acres of mountain land in Pickens and Oconee Counties. For the last fifty years he has led the life of a hermit, devoting himself exclusively to the increase of his estate.

THE marriage which had been arranged between gray-headed Prince Murat and Miss Gwendolin Caldwell, the American heiress who gave a fortune to the Catholic University, is said to have been abandoned. Miss Caldwell insisted upon managing her own finances, and refused to allow the Prince more than 50,000 francs a year. Prince Murat considered his title worth more than that, and therefore broke the engagement. One report says that his daughter-in-law offered him an equal allowance as a further inducement to withdraw. The New York Sun thinks the moral of this story which American heiresses must take to heart is, that they cannot be supplied with a first-class prince without paying for him. A later report that the rupture may yet be healed does not seem to be well founded.

THE retirement of President Phillips, of the Fitchburg Railroad, is followed by the announcement that Mr. H. S. Marcy, for many years traffic-manager of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, has been chosen first vice-president of the Fitchburg, with the powers of general manager. The Fitchburg corporation is exceedingly fortunate in securing Mr. Marcy. He has been in the railway service since the age of nineteen, and at the early age of twenty-four occupied a responsible place on the old Rutland and Burlington Railroad, of which he was subsequently acting superintendent. From 1865 to 1885 he was the general freight agent of the Rensselaer and Saratoga and the Delaware and Hudson system, and since 1885 had been traffic-manager of the latter corporation. He is a man of vigorous health, quiet, industrious, and a perfect master of all the perplexing details of the railroad business. Modest and unassuming, his promotion is simply a reward of real merit.



THE ARID REGION.—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 258.

his stool until he was facing me; our eyes met, and he slipped off his stool on to the floor in a dead faint. As his fellow-clerks clustered around him, I laughed softly to myself and passed out. From that moment my task was an easy and enjoyable one. Day by day I visited the insurance office and tortured the unfortunate wretch for hours at a time, until his health again broke down, and he was forced to give up his position, poorly paid as it was.

"I did not let him escape thus easily, however, but followed him to his next situation, which also I caused him to lose, owing to the many blunders in his accounts I forced him against his will to make. So I watched him sinking lower and lower, seeking in intoxication a fancied relief from the curse which pursued him, until one day he gave me the slip for the second time. I was in despair, for my hate was implacable, but I possessed myself with patience and waited my time. It came one snowy February day just seven years ago. As I walked up Broadway one afternoon, I fancied I saw in the throng ahead of me a figure I knew. It was that of an old man clad in a suit of rusty black, but I heeded not to see his fall. It was my enemy. Fixing a steady gaze upon him I awaited his turning around. He stopped, fidgeted a bit, and then plodded on; then he stopped again, wheeled suddenly, until he faced me, raised his arm as though to ward off a blow, and fell forward on his face in a fit. A crowd quickly gathered, and I was at his side in an instant to find him lying unconscious, with those big, fishy eyes of his staring up at the sky. I handed my card to the physician, and ordered him to take the dying wretch to the Metropolitan Hospital.

sibility catch another glimpse of those awful eyes, I have spent the last years of my life.

"You'll tell me I am the victim of a morbid fancy. You are wrong. I have lost my eyes and they are rotting in the dead man's skull. See what have been given me in their place!" and the unfortunate man tore aside the bandage which was across the upper part of his face, and gazed at his old friend.

Proudfoot said not a word for a moment. Then he called James, whispered in his ear, and the old man left the room. He returned in a minute with an old cracked looking-glass in a battered frame, which he quietly handed to the journalist.

"Harold," said Proudfoot, quietly but firmly, "look here."

Trafton raised himself on his elbow, and in a moment Proudfoot had placed the glass in front of his face. The white-haired doctor looked at it, as a rabbit looks at a snake which is charming it to death. His eyes dilated, he stared at it without speaking for a full minute; then the glass fell from his nerveless hand to the floor, shattered into a hundred pieces, and Trafton lay on the pillow—dead.

A day or two afterward a plain hearse followed by one carriage drove into the old cemetery at Washington Heights. A simple, black coffin was placed in the grave already dug for it, and the solitary mourner and the officiating clergyman were all who watched the frozen earth fall upon it. As Walter Proudfoot, for he was the mourner, turned away at the conclusion of the short ceremony, he muttered to himself, "I wonder what he saw in the glass!" and that was Harold Trafton's epitaph.



"FIRE ANSWERS FIRE; AND THROUGH
EACH SOLDIER SEES THE OTHER'S UN

THE LAST STAND OF THE CONFEDERACY ON VIRGINIA



AND THROUGH THEIR PALING FLAMES
THE OTHER'S UMBERED FACE."

VIRGINIA SOIL.—THE ATTACK.—FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT GAUL.

THE OUTSIDER.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE POTENT BUT UNKNOWN FACTORS OF THE BUSINESS WORLD.

THE public is in many instances entirely ignorant of the men who really control some of the greatest financial enterprises of New York, and, in nine cases out of ten, the big, stalwart, and famous head of a firm which is renowned throughout the country for its importance, is a figurehead pure and simple, while some modest and unknown man supplies the energy and brains that win success. It often happens that men of this stamp have begun as the secretaries or clerks of more or less celebrated men, and gradually grown into the absolute control of the property and affairs of the man whom they served. At least four of the big daily newspapers of New York are completely controlled and managed by quiet and unostentatious men, who regard the appearance of their names in print with positive horror, and who keep out of sight in every conceivable way. It is only within the corporations that they are known to be head and shoulders above the editor of the paper himself. This quiet self-abnegation and effacement of personality is not, as many people suppose, always the result of modesty on the part of the actor. Shrewd business men are not afflicted with any large amount of modesty when it comes to a pinch. It is wholly a matter of policy with the quiet men. They roll up millions for others, but resolutely keep in the background themselves. They thoroughly appreciate a certain trait of human nature—the longing of a vain man to seem what he is not—and they are perfectly willing to give some other man the honors if they can hold the power and secure a good portion of the profits. In the business world they live and die absolute strangers to fame and to the public.

* * *

In politics the power behind the throne is nearly always a quiet, modest, and thoughtful man, who does not drink, seldom smokes, and rises early. He remembers names and deeds, abhors noisy meetings, and always feathers his own nest. His genius never varies, whether he moves in a small circle in an East-side district and is referred to as being "close up behind the boss," or is spoken of mysteriously as "having the entire confidence of a political figure of national eminence." He is always distinguished by coolness, intentness, accuracy, and great deliberation. To get to the ruler successfully one must go by way of the power behind the throne. There are so many of these quiet men in politics that it would be a long task to enumerate them. Once in a while one of them is thrown on top and suddenly meets celebrity. As a rule he stays at the head of the class.

* * *

In Wall Street, the great financiers have no middle men or aids. Apparently the millionaires do not feel that they can trust any one, and that is why Wall Street men who are worth millions upon millions go down-town early and stay late. Once in a while a big operator, like Mr. Gould, will pick up a man for confidential service. Such a man invariably gets rich in a very short time. Take Morosini, for instance. He was a poor Italian book-keeper in Mr. Gould's office when the Wizard of the Street was dealing actively in a long line of stocks. Morosini could not help getting a good deal of inside information concerning Mr. Gould's operations, and this knowledge was turned into money. Gould has been famous for his wisdom in selecting men to assist him, and in one or two instances he trusted important secrets to Mr. Morosini's close confidence. As a result, Morosini was a millionaire almost before he knew it. Then his wealth kept on piling up and up, but nobody outside of the business offices of Mr. Gould knew him until a domestic scandal dragged his name into sudden notoriety. The instances are few of successes of this sort among traders of the Stock Exchange, however, for they handle a vast amount of negotiable wealth, and they are afraid to give any one a chance at the drippings.

* * *

One of the shrewdest and most successful business men in New York is young, modest, retiring, and exceedingly gentle and deliberate in speech. He wears a drooping black mustache, a pair of glasses, and has a manner of great suavity. I have never known him to look as though he was the least bit hurried. Most of the time he has the somewhat listless expression of a man who is over-weighted by idleness and leisure; yet, probably, he has more diversified and important interests than any man of his age in the country, and they extend in every conceivable direction. He is a partner in the Star Theatre with Theodore Moss, and manages all that millionaire's diversified affairs, and also looks after the interests of A. M. Palmer, in Palmer's Theatre. His name is Frederick A. Lovecraft. He is the Secretary and Treasurer of the American Jockey Club; Secretary and Treasurer of the Jerome Park Improvement Company; practically the manager of the Jerome Park Railway, and is the active director and head of one of the most important companies for manufacturing jewelry, Williamson & Co., in New York. They manufacture nearly all of the finer jewelry for Tiffany & Co. Mr. Lovecraft is also vice-president and treasurer of a big company that manufactures water-metres, and practically owns Colt's Armory Printing-press Company. Then he has a factory in Newark, where he is President of the Essex Watch Case Company, and is the Treasurer of the Coney Island Jockey Club. This much I know for myself. I have no idea how many additional interests he has. To compute Mr. Lovecraft's income would be rather a wild speculation, but his salaries, outside of the various manufacturing companies which he owns, aggregate considerably more than forty thousand a year. This is but a drop in the bucket, and he has not yet reached thirty-five. He is an expert accountant, and to this he owes a good share of his success.

* * *

Who ever heard of Charles Cook? If people were told that he was practically the firm of Tiffany & Co. they would hardly believe it, and yet Mr. Cook is emphatically the power behind the throne. He directs and controls the entire business of Tiffany, and he has a good many of the same characteristics as Mr. Lovecraft. They all run to gentle and polished manners, and they never seem hurried, while any one of a thousand subordinates is apparently weighted down by responsibility and excitement.

People speak of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and the names of the directors of that organization are well known, but the man who really runs the entire business is practically unknown. His name is Edward Holbrook. He is now a director in the Garfield National Bank, but for a long while he refused to take any interests outside the business of the famous silver company. He is a youngish-looking man, with an air of dignity and leisure.

* * *

A long while ago there was a man named Michael Colman in the Tax Office. He has now risen to the head of the department. Politics had nothing to do with his success. His wealth is enormous, and his services have been practically invaluable to the big insurance and banking companies of New York. Yet his name will strike the majority of the readers of this paper as being entirely unfamiliar to them. His strong point is the valuation of real estate. It is said that he can tell off-hand the actual worth of almost any building or house in New York City, and that the details of his knowledge in this direction are incontrovertible. Whenever the big insurance companies or banks decide to loan any money on real estate they refer to Michael Colman. He has made a very large fortune, mainly by utilizing his extraordinary knowledge of the prices which govern the sales of ground and houses in New York. He is the one man whose verdict is accepted as that of an expert on property in any part of the town by the great corporations who are constantly loaning money on real estate, and he is a director in a dozen great enterprises. Nobody speaks of him as a millionaire, though, and probably many of the active business men of New York are quite uninformed about him.

* * *

This quality of escaping observation is quite as valuable as the ability to attract it. There is a historical instance of the penalty of notoriety. There was, once upon a time, a brilliant managing editor on a great morning paper. He discharged a reporter after a hot personal quarrel, and the reporter vowed revenge. His method was unique. Whenever and wherever he could manage it he published paragraphs eulogizing in the most emphatic manner the triumphs of the brilliant managing editor. All these paragraphs were carefully mailed to the owner and nominal editor of the paper, who was in Europe. At first he was pleased. Then his brow contracted. The character of the paragraphs became more and more complimentary as time rolled on, until they began to speak of the great paper as though it actually belonged to the brilliant managing editor. One morning a particularly complimentary article arrived, and within an hour a terse cable had been sent, and there was the dull thud of an official decapitation. Then arose a shriek of joy from the reporter, for the brilliant managing editor had been discharged. Perhaps the modest and retiring men are wiser than we think. They seem to win.

Beakely Hall

WALL STREET.—THE INTERSTATE COMMISSIONERS AT FAULT.

ONE of the most prominent railroad men is reported as saying in a newspaper recently that the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, every one of them, knew that the Interstate Law was daily violated by nearly every railroad in the country. That the commissioners are aware of the violations no one will question in view of the publications made almost daily in the newspapers regarding rate-cutting, especially by western railroads.

It has been hinted that the Interstate Commissioners hesitate to prosecute deliberate violators of the law because of the fear that if the question were put to the test the Interstate Commerce Law would be declared unconstitutional, and this declaration would of course put an end to the commission and deprive the commissioners of the emoluments of office.

President Harrison owes it to himself, and to those who have given him their support, in my opinion, that he should ask the Railroad Commissioners either to perform their duties without fear or favor, or resign their places. Let them prosecute every violator of the Interstate Commerce Law, no matter whether he be a freight agent or the millionaire president of a corporation. A little earnest work of this kind would go a great ways in solving the railroad question. It would make a great many cantankerous railroads more susceptible to friendly influences, and would hasten a proper business-like co-operation of the railroad corporations, both in the interest of their stockholders and their patrons.

This country is growing very fast, and with it is developing a spirit of enterprise that constantly takes a new direction. It looks to me, and I do not take an optimistic view, as if within a few years—at least before the close of this century—the great West will insist upon much lower railroad rates to eastern sea-ports, and will cut loose almost entirely from its connections for freight traffic with the great trunk lines. Canadian and American capitalists are already looking for a charter for a railroad to connect the Canadian lines with Hudson Bay. It will go through a country rich in lumber and minerals, and will open a vast and undeveloped agricultural field. More than this, it will make a direct route to Europe through the Hudson Strait, cutting off a great part of the distance across. In the winter this line may be blocked by ice, but in summer and in the early fall, grain, lumber, and ore shipments will find it very convenient, accessible, and economical.

While this project at the North is under headway, a Deep Harbor Convention was in session at Topeka, Kan., with an avowed purpose of insisting upon Federal aid for the development of harbors along the coast of Texas, which could readily be reached via the Mississippi River and its tributaries by cargoes bound for foreign ports. With an outlet for the great West at the North and another at the South, how much of foreign shipments of grain, cotton, etc., would be diverted from railroads running east of the Mississippi River? This is a great country. We are moving rapidly, and if railroads are sensible they will devote

more attention to the development of their local business and give less to the through business, which is always hotly fought over and never very remunerative.

Those who have followed my advice in reference to the Trusts have not lost money. Cotton-seed Oil is the latest to receive a black eye. I hear that the Standard Oil crowd insisted on having complete control of the concern, and when there was a hitch in the proceedings it proceeded to smash things generally. Lead Trust and Sugar are held firmly. Perhaps the certificates are nearer their real value than they were.

Keep an eye on the Rio Grande Western, which is opening a new outlet from Denver to the West. There is more than rumor in the statement that it will furnish an eastern link for the Central Pacific independently of the Union Pacific route. This probably accounts for the recent quiet rise in Rio Grande Western bonds and stocks. The Vanderbilts' Union Pacific combination must inevitably lead to several others. In one, I hear Gould has his fingers in connection with his ill-fated Missouri Pacific system.

The dropping of Mr. Brayton Ives from the Northern Pacific directorate by the Villard party does not injure the board a particle. By-the-way, is this the same Ives who was in the Robinson mining deal? If so, he had better stick to mining stocks.

At last that unfortunate and unlucky concern known as the Iowa Central System sees a way out of its difficulties. It is one of the links in a scheme of consolidation by which a new trunk line will be provided. There is plenty of room for an advance in Iowa Central bonds and stocks, and I believe that the recent activity in them indicates that a master hand is at work unraveling the road's entanglements. It is surely a long lane that has no turn.

The bears are having a quiet time with the high and low-priced "coalers." I would advise my readers to leave all the coal stocks alone. It would not surprise me if the inside holders had sold out at the prevailing high prices and are ready to let the bears have a twist at them, and the bears show that they are ready.

The Interstate Commerce Association, formed by the "Gentlemen's Agreement," looks like a thing of the past. President Walker, who was induced to resign his place as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission by the tender of a three years' contract as president of the "Gentlemen's Agreement," at \$25,000 a year, is too useful a man to go without work. His contract insures his salary, and his ability will provide him another good place when the final disruption occurs.

JASPER.

LIFE INSURANCE A GOOD THEORY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that he is very glad to observe that "The Hermit" is not opposed to life insurance. He had inferred, he says, from my preceding contributions that I thought that all life insurance was a fraud. Why he should have reached such a ridiculous conclusion is impossible for me to understand. I have said nothing against the propriety or the benefits of life insurance. I have simply opposed some of the methods of the insurance companies, and have urged that State control of them be made broader and more comprehensive.

I have also advised that if possible a national insurance law be passed which should put the insurance companies under the eye of the Federal authorities. I am very glad to see in the New York Tribune a letter from Mr. John I. Covington, who has considerable knowledge of the subject, in favor of National control of the insurance business. He calls attention to the fact that the National Board of Trade at Louisville has adopted resolutions favoring National supervision of insurance and uniformity of insurance legislation. However widely some of the insurance companies may differ with me in some of my ideas, I feel that the most reputable companies should heartily favor such legislation. It would not only simplify matters, but it would restore the confidence of the public in the management of insurance corporations.

As things are at present, there is a mystery about life insurance that prevents a great many persons, who would like to provide for the future, from taking out a policy. All that the public needs is an assurance of full security to the insured, and when that is guaranteed, and when it is evident that companies are economically and honestly managed, there will be more life-insurance business than the companies can do.

It is obviously impossible for a person in the ordinary walks of life to satisfy himself in reference to the solvency and good management of an insurance company. He cannot depend on what its solicitors say, for they are notoriously given to exaggeration; that is as natural to them as it is to any other solicitor for trade. Worse than all, a presumption against the insurance companies has been created by a large number of serious disasters to insurance companies which have involved extensive failures and widespread losses to the people. If it were possible, therefore, to have either National or State supervision of a character that would prevent these failures, and that would give an absolute assurance of safety to the insured, I honestly believe the business could be tripled.

When the insurance companies understand this fact, as some of the most advanced men in the business already comprehend it, they will agree that "The Hermit," and every one else who stirs up things and seeks the accomplishment of this purpose, are the pioneers in the best and most beneficent work that the insurance companies need. It is a pleasure for me to know, from the correspondence I have received through FRANK LESLIE'S, that, with very few exceptions, policy-holders agree with me. Letters written from nearly every State in the Union indicate that there is popular agreement with my theory in favor of closer restrictions upon life-insurance companies, limitations of the power to expend the money of policy-holders, and absolute and thorough supervision of all life-insurance matters by State or Federal authority.

THE HERMIT.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

WHILE in St. Louis the delegates to the Pan-American Congress visited an institute for young girls. The young ladies and their exercises greatly impressed the visitors, and Señor Zetaya, of Honduras, in a brief address, remarked: "If we have been everywhere admiring the wonders offered by this

nation, great above all things by the freedom enjoyed by her citizens, it is more grateful to us to contemplate the spectacle here offered by this asylum destined to youth and beauty; by this magnificent institute where woman's moral endowments are perfected, her heart educated, and her intellect developed, thus preparing her for society and for the home. Woman is not to-day, certainly, what she was in her antiquity, in her abject position—the slave of man—but the tenderest living companion and his best friend. And among modern women none take a higher rank—and indeed justice compels me to say the American woman stands at the very head of her sex for her virtues, for her independence, her individuality, and for all those qualities which make her the equal of man in intelligence and force of character and the superior in every other quality. To her, with her virtues, no less than to the opposite sex, do the United States owe that freedom and prosperity which are the admiration and wonder of all nations."

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

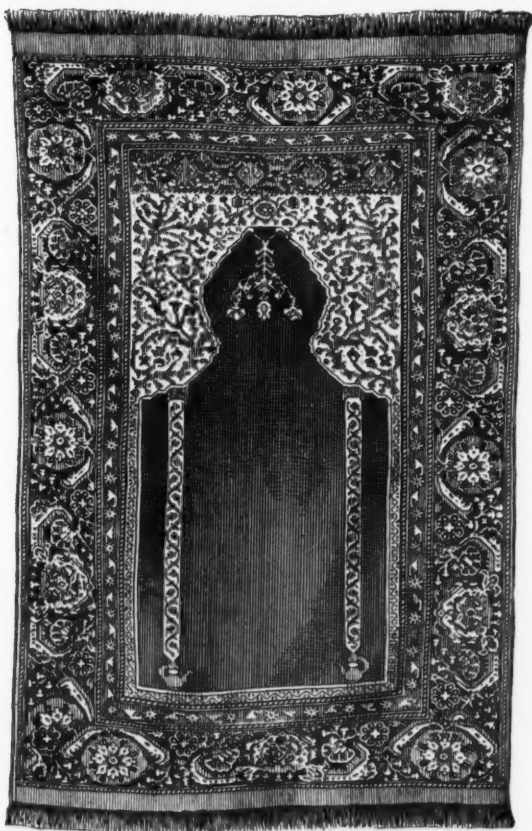
A REFLECTION OF ORIENTAL RUGS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

FROM reliable authorities we learn that in very early periods floors were covered with hay, straw, and rushes, and that the first advance toward a carpet was made by plaiting the rushes into matting. Nevertheless, carpets are of ancient date, and it was such old countries as India and Tunis that for a long time supplied Europe with these articles of luxury. History tells us that they were first used in the Middle Ages, before the high altars and in certain parts of private sanctuaries. We read of bed-side carpets as early as 1301, and in the fifteenth century the royal throne is represented as being surrounded by a carpet with a flower pattern. Turkey carpets were probably introduced into England during the reign of Edward VI., as we are told that before the communion-tables were placed

"Carpets full gay,
That wrought were in the Orient."

It has been thought probable that the smooth turf, with the flowers which adorn it, first suggested the use of a carpet; but if this is so, modern designers have strayed far away from the original models. We find that in texture and design the preference by established authorities is given to the carpets of Turkey and Persia, which are pronounced pleasant alike to the eye and to the feet. While they are soft in texture, the colors, instead of being such as soil easily and require the absurd anomaly of another carpet laid over to preserve them, are generally dark and unobtrusive. They afford what every carpet should—namely, repose for the eye, while the blending and grouping of colors is so quiet and so harmonious that it does not draw the attention from other decorations.

The most prized of all antique rugs are the Daghestan, which have long been used by the Persians for devotional purposes. Many have been handed down from generation to generation, until they have been treasured as heirlooms, frequently for a century or more, before finally passing into the hands of the traveling carpet-buyers of the Baku and Tiflis houses. A fine example of an antique prayer-rug, or mosque-rug, is given in the illustration below.



ANTIQUE PRAYER-RUG.

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This is a Gheordes rug, measuring 3 feet 8 inches by 5 feet 5 inches, and, although certainly over a century old, is in an excellent state of preservation. The design resembles an archway of a mosque, and has a dull red centre surrounded by blue and gold, while black is the groundwork of the border, in which all the other colors are intermingled. It is valued at \$250.

Another antique rug, imported by the same house, and probably an heirloom in the family of some Persian merchant, measures 12 by 19 feet, which is rather an unusual size, and is valued at \$6,000. It is a Sarakhs, a district bordering on the Turkoman territory, and the colors are rich and harmonious, consisting of a plain red centre, with corner pieces and a bordering in blue, gold, and black. It is a well-known fact that the various carpets or rugs take their names from the districts in which they are made,

and they are not, as it is sometimes erroneously stated, made in "factories," but among the various families of the district. They work under sheds, while in India a great deal of the work is done in prison by the prisoners.

Carabagh rugs are made in the Caucasus, but the finest from this quarter are the Kazak. The carpets from the Caucasus are never large, as they have no looms wider than six feet. The Ushak rugs, from Asia Minor, are the most favored in Europe, especially in England, while the genuine Turkey carpets seldom leave their own country. The majority of those imported generally come from Smyrna, while quantities are made in various parts of Roumelia, each place having its distinctive pattern and texture. These, however, are inferior to those of Smyrna, though bright and pretty, with color and patterns well harmonized. In one of the mosques at Salonica, which was originally an old heathen temple before the Christian Era, the mosaics are still in excellent order, and there is a marvelous resemblance of some of them to the pattern and colors in the Turkish carpets, and so it is very possible that old mosaics form the originals of the carpet patterns we so much admire. In Persia and India the warp or chain is of cotton, while in Turkey the chain and shoot are all wool.

There is one important fact to be noticed, and that is that the Mussulmans do not treat a carpet as we do—as a mere floor-covering to be trodden upon. They consider it a luxurious lounge to rest and sit upon. The Persian never crosses or stands upon his carpet in his shoes, but always uncovers his feet, and it is from this circumstance, no doubt, that ancient carpets, embodying years of artistic work and skill, remain in such a beautiful condition of preservation after having been used in the harem or the mosque for a whole series of generations.

An old Persian test for a good carpet is to drop a piece of red-hot charcoal upon it. If the carpet be a good one, of the first quality, the hand can then brush off the singed wool without the least trace of the burn being afterward discernible in the carpet. In Persia the nomad tribes all more or less weave carpets, and in weaving they use no complicated machinery. All their carpets are hand-made, and bear the impress of toil and patience. The looms are clumsy, consisting of two horizontal stakes or poles lashed to two substantial uprights, while between the former the threads which are to form the foundation of the carpet are stretched, and the worsted pile is knotted in a few threads at a time, while each row is hammered down with a carpet comb. This interesting process may be seen any day in the window of the house already referred to, where a native Persian is at work on the designs of his district.

ELLA STARR.

CHINESE FLOATING GARDENS.

THE China Review describes the floating gardens of that country: "In the month of April a bamboo raft, ten to twelve feet long, and about half as broad, is prepared. The poles are lashed together with interstices of an inch between each. Over this a layer of straw an inch thick is spread, and then a coating two inches thick of adhesive mud, taken from the bottom of a canal or pond, which receives the seed. The raft is moored to the bank in still water, and requires no further attention. The straw soon gives way, and the soil also, the roots drawing support from the water alone. In about twenty days the raft becomes covered with the creeper (*ipomoea reptans*), and its stems and roots are gathered for cooking. In autumn its small white petals and yellow stamens, nestling among the round leaves, present a very pretty appearance. In some places marshy land is profitably cultivated in this manner. Besides these floating vegetable gardens, there are also floating rice-fields. Upon rafts constructed as above weeds and adherent mud were placed as a flooring, and when the rice-shoots were ready for transplanting, they were placed in the floating soil, which being adhesive, and held in place by weed-roots, the plants were maintained in position throughout the season. The rice thus planted ripened in from sixty to seventy, in place of one hundred days. The rafts are cabled to the shore, floating on lakes, pools, or sluggish streams. These floating fields served to avert famines, whether by drought or flood. When other fields were submerged, and their crops sodden or rotten, these floated and flourished; and when a drought prevailed, they subsided with the falling water, and while the soil around was arid, advanced to maturity. Agricultural treatises contain plates representing rows of extensive rice-fields moored to sturdy trees on the banks of rivers or lakes which existed formerly in the lacustrine regions of the Lower Yangtse and Yellow River."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE census report just issued estimates the population of Chili at 2,665,926, of which 1,283,640 are males and 1,263,680 females.

It is said that the British Government has informed the Canadian authorities that they must arrange a speedy settlement of the matters in dispute with the United States.

SIGNOR CRISPI, the Italian premier, in a recent speech at Palermo, said Italy would never depart from her present policy regarding the temporal power of the Pope. Undeterred by threats at home or abroad, the Government would fight the Church.

ALL fear of an embarrassment of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore is set at rest by the publication of its Fourteenth Annual Report, which shows that an ample emergency fund amounting to over \$108,700 has been subscribed by the friends of the institution. This assures its future, and should put an end to the rumors in regard to the embarrassment of a deserving and prosperous institution.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 29TH.—In Kershaw County, ex-Governor John L. Manning, of South Carolina, aged 73; in Providence, R. I., Henry J. Steers, a wealthy manufacturer and philanthropist, aged 59. OCTOBER 30TH.—In New York, Dr. Isaac E. Taylor, the originator and founder of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, aged 77. OCTOBER 31ST.—At Lancaster, Clement B. Grubb, at one time the largest iron-maker in Pennsylvania; in Saratoff, Nicolai Gavrilovitch Tcherichewski, the Russian novelist, who was for many years a Siberian exile, aged 61; at Howells, N. Y., Mrs. Sarah Goldsmith, aged 100. NOVEMBER 1ST.—In Buffalo, Rev. Dr. Libertas Van Bokelen, a noted preacher, advocate, and reformer, aged 74; at Concord, Arthur F. L. Norris, one of the oldest members of the New Hampshire Bar, aged 68. NOVEMBER 2d.—In Somerville, Mass., Judge Alpheus R. Brown, a prominent citizen and lawyer, aged 75.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE President has designated Thursday, November 28th, as Thanksgiving day.

THE struggle for the championship of the world between the New York and Brooklyn base-ball clubs was won by the former.

THE chief Government organ in Quebec admits that the sentiment in favor of annexation to the United States is gaining ground in Canada.

THE President issued his proclamation admitting the two Dakotas to Statehood at forty minutes past three o'clock on November 2d.

A HEAVY snow-storm caused a day's blockade of railway travel in Colorado and Nebraska during the first week of the present month.

THE reduction of the public debt during October amounted to \$9,104,853.72. The amount of cash in the Treasury is \$625,067,725.76.

SECRETARY NOBLE served notice upon the cattlemen who have leased Indian lands in the Cherokee Outlet that they must vacate the land by the 1st of next June.

INTELLIGENCE has been received from Stanley up to the 29th of August. He was then marching east, accompanied by Emin, and expected to reach Zanzibar during the present month.

A PITTSBURG electric-light company is to erect a plant in Peking, China. The city is to be lighted throughout with incandescent lamps, the number of which will reach several thousand.

THE contract for the third of the 2,000-ton cruisers has been awarded to Harrison Loring, of Boston, at \$674,000. The Secretary of the Navy has accepted the cruiser *Charleston*, with a penalty of \$33,000 for lack of horse-power and \$4,500 for delay in completion.

THE new Commissioner of Pensions, General Raum, has issued instructions that all claims involving large sums of money, after they have been preferred for special adjudication, shall be submitted to his personal consideration. The pension certificate will not be issued until this is done.

GROUND was formally broken for the new Brooklyn Tabernacle on the 28th ult. In his address on the occasion, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage said the new church would "stand for evangelism, liberty of conscience, Christian patriotism, charity, righteousness toward God, and honesty toward man."

PROMINENT colored men in Illinois have formed a national association for the purpose of erecting, in the city of Springfield, a monument to Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator. April 15th next has been designated as a day for taking subscriptions in all the colored churches and schools in the country.

THE Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* has entered upon its 126th year. It is one of the ablest newspapers in the land, and represents everything that is fair, honest, and honorable in the newspaper business. It has never been more successful than since it has been under the editorial charge of Senator Hawley.

At a recent meeting of 1,500 Confederate veterans held in Birmingham, Ala., for the purpose of raising a fund to build a home for disabled and homeless Confederates, the speakers' stage was decorated with both the national colors and Confederate flags. The veterans cheered the Stars and Stripes, and kissed the faded flags of the Confederacy reverently.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER has established a schedule of rates on Government telegraph messages for the current fiscal year, and in a letter to the President of the Western Union, suggests a joint commission to determine equitable rates for next year. The rates fixed by the Postmaster-general's order are such as were charged the public before the Western Union absorbed the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph line and monopolized the business.

THE imperial decree sanctioning the construction of a grand trunk railway in China has been published. The road will extend from Hankow to Peking. The issuing of this decree is believed to be the beginning of a new era in China, which will redound to the benefit of both natives and foreigners. Shanghai, being practically the water terminus of the line, will be vastly benefited, and, under the development of the road's prosperity, seems likely to become one of the great cities of the world.

THE United States Minister to Mexico, Mr. Thomas Ryan, favors reciprocity with that country. He says: "The United States pays out \$100,000,000 in cash annually for products which Mexico could furnish us, and would take in exchange the products of our manufactories and enterprises. I believe that even a limited measure of reciprocity would, within five years, develop a Mexican commerce of \$100,000,000 annually. It is to be hoped that both nations will awake to the opportunities and advantages of closer relations."

A PRINTED affidavit has been sent out by the Helena (Montana) *Daily Journal*, signed by Russell B. Harrison, president of the company, which shows that the actual and bona-fide circulation of that paper has been daily increasing since it came into the hands of Mr. Harrison. On the 2d of October last the daily issue had reached 6,200 copies, and the smallest number printed during the month of September was 5,100. This is a remarkable showing for a young newspaper. It now has more reason than ever to rejoice over the fact that it is the largest and liveliest daily newspaper in the State of Montana.

THE following facts in reference to the new postage-stamps will be of interest: The one-cent stamps are blue in color, and have the head of Franklin; the two-cents are carmine, with the head of Washington; the three-cents are violet, and bear the face of Jackson; the four-cents are dark brown, with the head of Lincoln; the five-cents are light brown, with the head of Grant; the six-cents have Garfield's head, and are vermilion red; the ten-cents are green, with the head of Webster; the fifteen-cents are brown, with the face of Clay; the thirty-cents are black, with Jefferson vignette; and the ninety-cents are orange, with the head of Perry.

by clear grit and hard knocks has accumulated a fortune. His election as the United States Senator from the State is a fitting recognition of his endeavors on behalf of the people, and his ability to represent them in the halls of the National Congress.

HON. JOHN L. WILSON.

JOHN LOCKWOOD WILSON, the newly elected Congressman from Washington, was born August 7th, 1850, at Crawfordsville, Ind. He is the son of Jonas Wilson, who was the first Republican Representative from the Eighth District, Indiana, in 1856, defeating the present United States Senator Voorhees of that State. Mr. Wilson, the present Congressman-elect, was educated at Wabash College, and graduated from that institution with high honors in 1874. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1881 from Montgomery County, and voted for President Harrison for United States Senator.

He was appointed by President Garfield Receiver of Public Moneys in the Colfax, Washington, Land Office, President Arthur confirming the appointment. He held his position four years, and his accounts were found, on his retirement, correct in every particular. He was vice-president of the Citizens National Bank of Spokane Falls at the time of his election to Congress. In 1883 he was married to Miss E. Sweet, of Chicago, and has one child, a daughter.

During the Civil War he served, at the age of thirteen years, on the staff of his father, who was a colonel, as a messenger.



WASHINGTON.—HON. JOHN L. WILSON,
CONGRESSMAN-ELECT.
PHOTO BY LACEY.

HON. R. F. PETTIGREW.

NEARLY everybody in Dakota knows the Hon. Frank Pettigrew, the first United States Senator from South Dakota. He is a native of Vermont—a genuine “Green Mountain Boy”—a farmer’s son. He was born at Ludlow in 1848, and went with his parents to Wisconsin when but six years old. To gain a higher education than was obtainable in the district school he went to college, paying for his tuition and board by building fires in seven stoves and caring for the same number of rooms in the college building. The death of his father subsequently called him home. Being the eldest boy in the family, the management of the farm fell upon him. He was then about sixteen years old. After seeding and harvesting, he took seventeen dollars and went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in search of work. He put in much time picking corn, and finally, hearing of a country school, applied for a position as teacher, and got it. His leisure time was spent in reading law, having borrowed a few books from a village attorney. At the close of the school term he returned to Madison, Wis., and entered the law department of the State University, from which he was graduated. In 1869 he went to Sioux Falls, pre-empted a quarter section of land and built a shanty. He engaged in Government surveying and real estate business until 1875, since which time he has been engaged in the practice of law. His energy and perseverance placed him in the front rank, and in 1881 he was sent to Congress as Dakota’s Delegate, and served with credit and distinction. He has always worked for the interests of the Territory and State, and



SOUTH DAKOTA.—HON. R. F. PETTIGREW,
U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.
PHOTO BY BRADY.



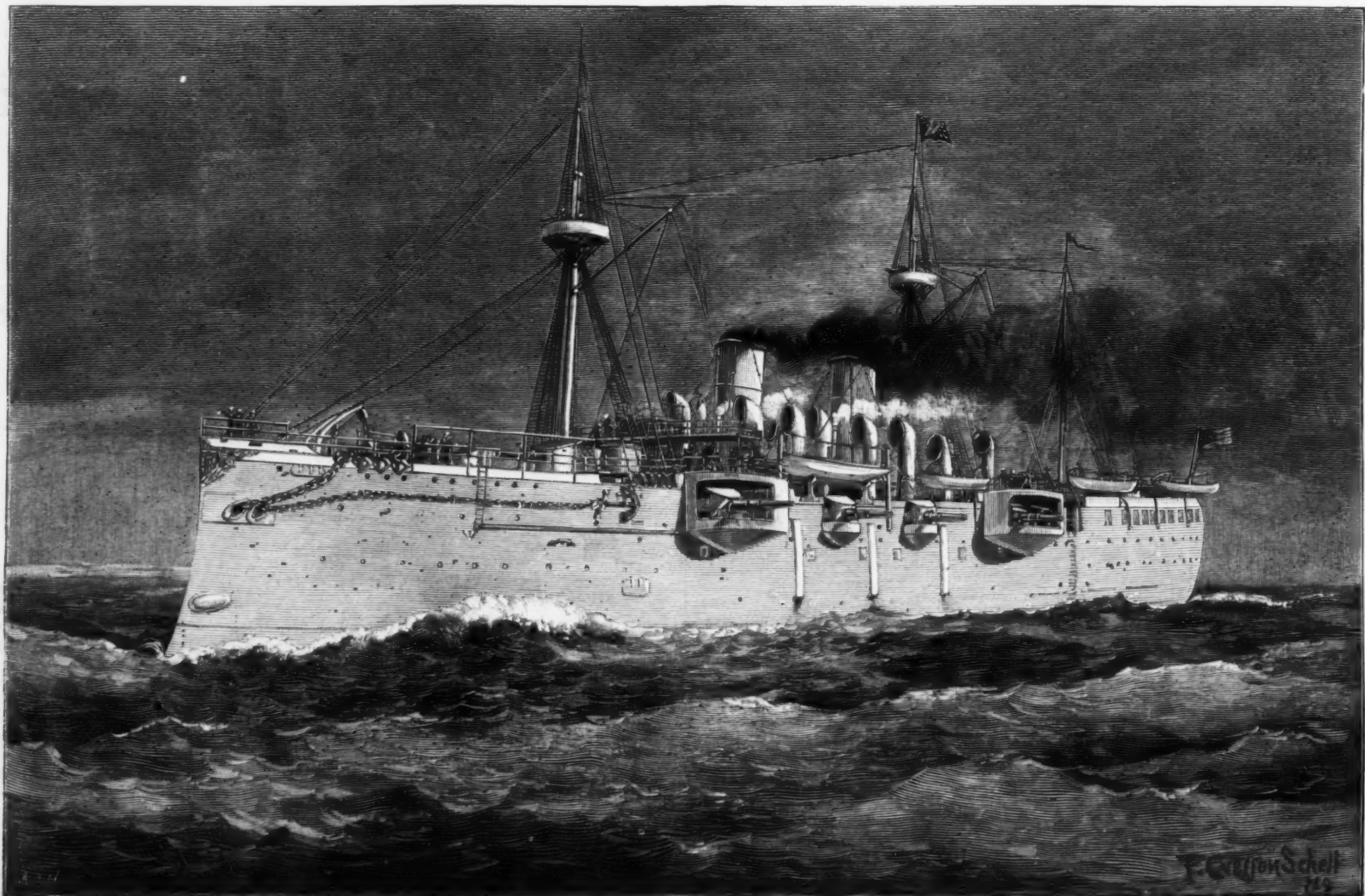
ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER, COM-
MANDING SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.
PHOTO BY BRADY.

COMMODORE JOHN G. WALKER.

WE give herewith a portrait of Commodore John G. Walker, Acting Rear-admiral, and, during the absence of Secretary-of-the-Navy Tracy, the Acting Secretary, who will sail about the middle of November in command of the United States naval fleet, all new vessels, on a three years’ cruise in European waters.

Commodore Walker was born in Millsborough, N. H., on the 20th of March, 1835. He was graduated at the United States Naval Academy in 1856, and two years later became lieutenant. During the Civil War he served first on the Atlantic coast blockade and with the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, participating in the engagements that ended in the capture of New Orleans, with the subsequent operations against Vicksburg in 1862. He was promoted to Lieutenant-commander on the 16th of July, 1862, and had command of the river iron-clad *Baron de Kalb* of the Mississippi Squadron in 1862-’63, in which he participated in the attacks on Vicksburg and the operations in the Yazoo River in the winter of 1862-’63, co-operating with General Sherman and the army. He participated in both attacks on Haine’s Bluff, in the Yazoo River expedition against Confederate gunboats, in the capture of Fort Hindman and Yazoo City, and in the attack on Fort Pemberton. After the fall of Vicksburg he had command of the naval expedition against Yazoo River in co-operation with 5,000 troops in transport. Walker led in the *De Kalb*, and while engaging the batteries his vessel ran foul of a torpedo, which exploded and caused the vessel to sink almost in-

(Continued on page 270.)



PROGRESS OF THE NEW NAVY.—THE NEW CRUISER “PHILADELPHIA.”—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

FROST-BITTEN.



THE same dear eyes! the same
dear hair,
A vanished summer bring to
mind,
Till once again I view the
square
Round which my young affections twined;
And see, at yonder casement, framed
Within the vine and blossom-spray,
She whom my boyish fancy claimed—
Your mother in her beauty day.
Forgotten now the gentle glow
That thrilled my willing senses through,
While sluggish now the pulses flow
That once beneath her glances flew.
But something in the rose you wore
Caught in your tresses raven black,
Knocked lightly at affection's door,
And wakened thought some decades back.
Ah! lady-love, when Time has laid
His blighting touch upon your brow,
And silver-tipped the ringlet's shade
That boasts a prouder splendor now,
I hope you'll wear the passive grace
Of gentleness that lightly lay
Upon your mother's kindly face
Long after passed her beauty day.
DE WITT STERRY

IN A TERRIBLE FIX.

IN ITALY—*American Traveler*—"I'm in a sud
fix, Hendricks. For heaven's sake, help me out!"
Friend—"What's the matter?"
American Traveler—"The brigands yesterday
carried off my wife and the pug dog."
Friend—"Well, but isn't that your wife over
on the hotel steps?"
American Traveler—"Yes; they released her,
but they are holding the pug dog for ransom."



HOME ON FURLOUGH.

MADAME RANDEGGAR—"Eloise, after noting you critically for the past half-hour, I regret
to say that you lack that repose of manner which a three-term residence at the
Wellesley school ought to have given you."
HER DAUGHTER—"That's very staggering, mother. The hall-girl always had to call me
four times before I got up."

TOO VIOLENT EXERCISE.

CALLER (at Vassar)—"May I see Miss Potter
for a few moments?"
MATRON—"I'm very sorry to say that Miss Pot-
ter is too ill to be seen to-day."
CALLER—"Not seriously ill?"
MATRON—"We hope not. Miss Potter has been
exercising too much in the gymnasium."

HOPED THE DOG WOULDN'T CATCH IT.

MOTHER—"What do you think ails the chil-
dren, Mignonette?"
NURSE—"They have whooping-cough, ma'am."
MOTHER—"Gracious, you don't say so! Has
Fido been exposed yet?"

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

GUS—"What are you doing nowadays, Algy?"
ALGY—"Studying the extract of roots."
GUS—"Ah, going to be a druggist?"
ALGY—"No; dentist."

IN ANOTHER DEPARTMENT.

STRANGER—"Will I find Mr. Masury here?"
CLOTHING-HOUSE CLERK—"No, sir; this is the
coat and vestry. Mr. Masury is up on the next
floor, in the pantry."

It is about 664 miles from Cleveland to Boston,
and about the same number of years between
Cleveland and Washington again.

LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same
place, principally because the place isn't there the
second time the lightning comes around.

"A CHICAGO girl was cured of rheumatism the
other day in a miraculous manner. When dis-
covered she was standing on the parlor-table. A
mouse can sometimes do more than Christian
science."

The only doubtful part of this yarn lies in the
assumption that the table could bear her weight—
live weight.



SMOKY HEREDITY.

MRS. BRIGHT (as Mr. Bright comes in with a cigarette)—"Mercy sake alive, Lons-
dale! the baby's thrown away his bottle!"



DISTURBED RECLINEMENT.

THE APPARITION—"Cut-cut-cut-ka-dar-cut!"
MR. FEEBLEY—"Dar's dat lazy, good-f'r-nawthin' boy 'f mine went an' chucked dat fowl in whole,
'n place ob pickin' ob him."

WHY HE WAS FOUND IN A SWOON.

HOLWORTHY—"How did the portrait suit you,
sir?"
PATRON (whose daughter has been painted)—"It
is the most charming piece of counterfeit resem-
blance I ever saw."
HOLWORTHY—"Delighted, I assure you."
PATRON—"Yes; it's so deucedly counterfeit that
I don't believe it will pass. Please take it away."

ST. LOUIS society frowns on the use of calling-
cards printed in more than four colors.

BUFFALO has just given us the spectacle of a
female prize-fight, and now Pittsburg has inched
up a little higher in the bitter rivalry for supre-
macy by nominating two women for excise com-
missioners.

THE new "Bijou of Asia," published by Mr.
Matsuyama, of Futsukioco, Western Hongwang,
Kioto, Japan, in the interests of Buddhism, and
printed in the native language, lies on our table.
It is as interesting and spicy as the differential
calculus, and can be read upside down, sideways,
or diagonally, with equal facility.



NATURE'S PROVISIONS.

SALESMAN—"Do you want a cap with a visor, sir?"

CUSTOMER (cripply)—"Nope! Reckon you didn't look at me, young man."



JUBILATION.

MISERY adds to misery, sometimes, in our endeavor to escape it. Presently we are confronted by disheartening accumulation; we know not where to turn, and courage is almost gone.

But a beneficent Providence opens the way, at sad intervals, and then—Jubilation.

Here are a few notes of it:

"LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 30, 1888.
"I am happy to inform you that I am of the opinion that your Compound Oxygen saved my life."
"Mrs. J. P. BAILEY."

"BUNKER HILL, IND., March 14, 1888.
"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen Treatment."
"Mrs. FLORENCE BLUE."

"OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1885.
"Compound Oxygen has greatly benefited me. Under God it has given me new life."
"Rev. JOHN C. BREWER."

"MANCHESTER, ME., Feb. 22, 1888.
"Both myself and family believe I owe present existence to your Treatment."
"M. A. CUMMINGS."

We publish a brochure of 300 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or 130 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FOUR TO EIGHT PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

S. A. KEAN & Co., Bankers, Chicago, with a Branch Office at 115 Broadway, New York, offer investors a choice line of City, County, School, and other BONDS and WARRANTS, drawing from 4 to 8 per cent. interest. These securities are suitable for Savings Banks, Insurance Companies, Trust Funds, Estates, and Individuals. Among those offered are Omaha, Denver, Toledo, and Columbus City Bonds. It is admitted that Municipal Bonds rank next to Governments in point of safety, and pay much better. Parties desiring either to buy or sell securities can get particulars and information by writing to or calling upon the firm. They also extend to customers the facilities of a Regular Banking Business. Land Warrants and Scrip bought and sold.

HUMAN HEALTH.

HUMAN health can only be maintained when the rules of life are strictly obeyed. Man's system is like a town—to be healthy it must be well drained. No one would wish to live in a town where the sewers are always clogged. Our system is most beautifully fitted by nature to drain itself of all waste and effete matter. This drainage is frequently interfered with by careless habits, and when it becomes clogged illness is the result. Beecham's Pills, which have been in popular use in Europe for many years, are especially adapted, in a safe, gentle manner, to keep human drainage in perfect order.

MATCHLESS IN APPOINTMENT.

THE Pennsylvania limited leaving New York every day for Chicago and Cincinnati at 9 A.M. is the most perfectly-appointed train in America. It possesses every convenience that the most exacting traveler could demand. One could live on it day after day as one would in a home or hotel.

STIEFEL'S BIRCH TAR AND SULPHUR SOAP.

For the cure of skin diseases and the improvement of the complexion. Prepared in proportions recommended by the best dermatologists by J. D. Stiefel, Offenbach, Germany. For sale by druggists at 25c. a cake. W. H. Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Importers. Send for a little book describing a variety of Stiefel's Medicated Soaps of great utility in treating the skin.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

One dozen bottles, \$30. Two dozen ½ bottles, \$32.


BLAIR'S PILLS.

GREAT English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



Children
always
Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER. It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations.

COMMODORE JOHN G. WALKER.

(Continued from page 269.)

stantly, a second torpedo exploding under her stern as she went down. He subsequently commanded the steamer *Saco* and the *Shawmut*, in which he participated in the capture of the forts near Wilmington. He was promoted and advanced over others for his services during the war to the grade of Commander in July, 1866, served at the Naval Academy in 1866-69, and commanded the frigate *Sabine* on a special cruise in 1869-70. He was promoted to Captain in June, 1877, appointed chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail in October, 1881, for four years, and re-appointed in 1885 for a second term. Since then he has been re-appointed a third time and made a Commodore, and before the adjournment of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress his name will undoubtedly be sent into the Senate by the President as a Rear-admiral of the United States Navy.

A VISIT TO "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

It was the extreme pleasure of the editor, a few days since, in company with President J. R. Bettis, of Little Rock, Ark., to visit FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, at the new quarters of that famous paper, in the elegant JUDGE Building, on Sixteenth Street, New York. This structure has just been completed, and is one among the handsomest of the fine monuments of late years erected, and being erected, to the honor of the successful press in the great metropolis of the nation. It was most interesting to pass through the great airy rooms, and meet the different writers and artists, and learn something of how a great illustrated weekly is made. One department, where the rough drafts of designs are examined and passed upon, accepted or rejected, was peculiarly suggestive of a line of editorial work that is not always pleasant. Passing on pictures sent in by aspiring artists seemed a work less dull and prosy, at least, than wading through tiresome manuscripts. Each design that is accepted is liberally paid for, and here is an opening for men or women with facile pencils to sketch anything that may be novel, striking, or peculiarly instructive in any part of the nation. All designs will get careful consideration.—*National Journalist*.

"FURLEY & BUTTRUM" UNDERWEAR.

We have complete lines, all weights and sizes, of this justly celebrated English Natural Wool, Merino, and Silk-and-wool Health Underwear, for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

Knowing the great care taken in the selection of the material and in the manufacture of these goods, we cannot too highly recommend them to our customers.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and 11th Street,
New York.

EMERSON SUPERIOR QUALITY, MODERATE PRICES.
BOSTON 174 TREMONT ST. NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE.
50,000 SOLD
ALL PIANOS FULLY WARRANTED
CATALOGUES FREE
PIANOS

Cleaver's

Transparent
Toilet Soap
Best & Cheapest
Without Rival.



THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

J. C. BLAINE.

He could have been cured by using the Wonder Cure Battery of the Actina Co., 86 Fifth Avenue, New York. Read the following:

CATARRH!
PASTOR'S STUDY, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SPARTA, SUSSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, August 1, 1883.
ACTINA CO., 86 Fifth Avenue, New York.
While I am reluctant to allow the use of my name to advertise patent remedies, I cannot refrain from recommending your battery to those similarly afflicted, and you therefore have my permission to publish this if you should wish to do so.
NOTE: THE REVEREND BAKER SMITH, WHO SENT US THE COMMUNICATION ABOVE, WAS ENTIRELY CURED OF CATARRH, NEURALGIA, AND BLURRED EYES.

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.
THIS DISTRESSING COMPLAINT PERMANENTLY CURED BY OUR BATTERY.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., July 16, 1886.

ACTINA CO., 86 Fifth Avenue, New York.
GENTLEMEN: In answer to your inquiry, I am pleased to inform you that your battery has entirely cured me of Asthma and Hay Fever. I had tried almost everything without obtaining any relief, and for fifteen years I was a great sufferer, was obliged to sit up in bed, and for four months did not go to bed at all, my breathing was so difficult. I am an old resident of Bridgeport, and my past and present condition are well-known here.

You are at liberty to use this letter as reference, as I feel it a privilege to let other sufferers know there is a cure for them.
THREE YEARS AFTERWARDS.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Sept. 6, 1889.
ACTINA CO.
GENTLEMEN: Nearly four years ago I was cured of the Asthma by your battery. I gave you a statement to that effect shortly after. At this time I am still free of the disease, and believe my cure to be permanent. You are at liberty to use this as you may think best.
CHAS. W. FOX,
85 Middle St., Bridgeport, Conn.

EYESIGHT RESTORED.
Read what our battery has effected in the case of a gentleman over eighty years of age, whose eyesight had been affected for years, occasioning the most intense suffering. No relief found before using our battery.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 7, 1889.

ACTINA COMPANY.
GENTLEMEN: Having been advised by a friend to purchase one of your batteries, I did so about eight months ago. I had suffered very much with my eyes and pain in the head. I was obliged to wear blue glasses. My eyes were in such bad condition that I could not read the paper without causing so much pain that I was obliged to give up reading entirely. Your battery has entirely cured the weakness in my eyes, and I can now read the paper all day without the least pain, being free from the constant pain which before using your battery I suffered with for a number of years. At times the pain in my eyes and head was so intense that I was obliged to remain in bed and found nothing to relieve it. Since using your battery the pain has entirely ceased. I can now read the paper all day without the least pain. The battery is a most potent nerve stimulant, so much so that since using it it has so stimulated my nervous system that my general health never was better. No amount of money could tempt me to part with my battery if I could not obtain another. I take pleasure in recommending your battery. You are at liberty to use this as you may choose.
SAMUEL BALDWIN,
110 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS CURED.
J. H. Coolidge, President Coolidge Fuel and Supply Co., Minneapolis, Minn., writes under date of September 17th, 1886: It has cured me of catarrh and my deafness. We think a great deal of it, and recommend it to all. Yours very truly, J. H. COOLIDGE.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CASE.
A well-known physician, writing from New Haven Conn., says: It has cured my wife of deafness of twenty years' standing, besides being of incalculable value to her in chest and nervous troubles that have hitherto seemed insensible to treatment.

In breaking up fresh colds, etc., its equal is not to be found.

DURING THE YEARS 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, and 1888, THOUSANDS HAVE USED AND BEEN CURED BY OUR BATTERY. THE BLIND HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO SIGHT, THE DEAF TO HEARING, AND THE WORST FORMS OF CATARRH CURED. OUR PAST EXPERIENCE JUSTIFIES OUR CLAIM THAT OUR BATTERY WILL EFFECT PERMANENT CURES AFTER ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

OUR REMEDY IS NOT A SNUFF, DOUCHE, LOTION, OR MEDICINE; CAN BE USED BY OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE. IT IS A SELF-GENERATING VAPOR, IN HANDSOME METAL CASE, AND IS ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

OUR BATTERY IS CONVENIENT FOR POCKET, GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF, AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

Have used your battery only three weeks. Its effects are wonderful. I feel like a new man already. I can sleep well nights. My appetite is good. I expectorate freely. I cheerfully recommend your "battery" to all who are afflicted with catarrh. Respectfully,
G. F. BLACKMER,
157 Washington Street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

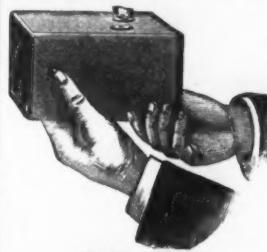
CURES NEURALGIA AND SICK HEAD-ACHES. READ THE FOLLOWING:

VERSAILLES, Ky., Oct. 18, 1886
ACTINA COMPANY, No 86 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
GENTS: Inclosed is my battery 4-A-470, purchased from Dr. T. E. Smith. It has proved of incalculable value to me for neuralgia of the eye, and to my wife for sick headaches. Please recharge and return promptly by next mail. Respectfully,
HENRY BOHANNAN.

Any one may receive TRIAL TREATMENT FREE at our parlors, or send six cents for illustrated book. Our Battery is sent to any part of the world on receipt of price, \$10. All our Batteries are fitted with our PATENT COMPOUND STOPPER, and must be accompanied by our U. S. Registered Label [Genuine]. Remit by P. O. order, cash in registered letter, or express to

Actina Co.
86 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.,
Second door from Fourteenth Street.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

THE KODAK.



PRICE, \$25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "press the button"—we do the rest.

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



We mail to you
FREE

Our Special Catalogue

OF
Fine Plush Cloaks.

Our own manufacture, made from extra fine quality of the best wearing

SILK SEAL PLUSHES in the world. Elegant Satin Linings, Correct Styles, superior fit, finish, and workmanship. Our extreme low prices in this special catalogue insure a wonderful sale. You want this book. Write for it to-day.

(HAS. A. STEVENS & BROS.,
69 State Street, Chicago, Ill.)

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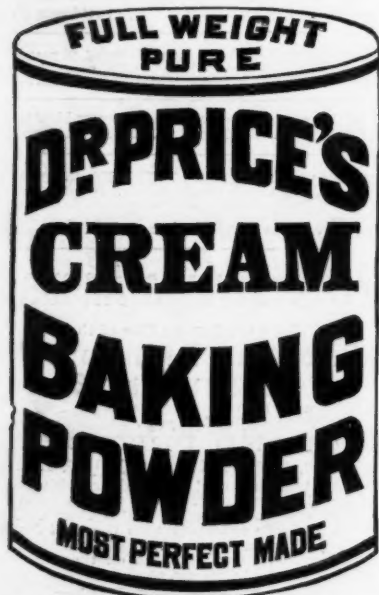
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